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## SIGHT-SEEING IN GERMANY.

(Continued from p. 865.)

It was Fair time in Leipsic. The Michaelmas *Messe* was going on. The squares and large streets were crowded with booths, which formed a village inside the town. The shops of the village belonged to tailors, booksellers, watchmakers, and retail dealers of every trade, who exposed their wares on the open counters of their temporary establishments. The ways and byeways of the village were thronged with passengers. But the fun of the Fair was spoilt by the rain, which came down in torrents. It nearly swamped the booths and ruined the articles displayed for sale. It ran off the bulky umbrellas of the passengers on to the counters, causing many a heartache to the village merchants. It penetrated into their back parlors, making them miserable when they retired from business to eat their meals. It lay in large puddles in the street, through which you had to wade—whether in the road or on the side of the road mattered not—there being the same paving for man and beast, you were certain of getting wet in the feet everywhere. It did not, strange to say, damp the ardour of the street bands, and that was lucky, for there was nothing else to enliven the town and divert attention from the melancholy weather. In defiance of the deluge, the cornets, trombones, and trumpets blew away heartily in the open air, although the rain must have run down the pipes of the instruments, and greatly inconvenienced the invincible performers. Still they played on, and the melodies of the *Traviata*, *Robert the Devil*, and the *Bacio* (or *Baccio*!) resounded through the streets of Leipsic, with a running accompaniment, which did not at all contribute to their effect.

We were almost as unmindful of the rain as the musicians, for, although well housed at the Hotel de Russie, we chose to brave the elements and visit the battle-field of Leipsic in spite of them. There was not much else to be seen—nothing of interest to two of our party, so to the battle-field we went in a close carriage. We were driven out of the town at a dreary pace, along a dreary road, through a dreary expanse of turnip fields and marshes—at least that was all I saw of the country from inside the hermetically closed-up vehicle. The cheerful country drive had lasted about half an hour when we came to a toll gate. The toll-keeper was at home, but objected to coming out in the rain. He thrust a long stick out of the window of his cottage into the driver's face. At the end of the stick was a small bag; the driver deposited the necessary fee in the bag; the toll-keeper drew in his stick, shut the window, and on we went again. The *valet de place*, who was on the box, had a wet time of it. I offered him my umbrella, but, with unaccountable obstinacy, he declined to use it. He was of a Mark Tapley turn of mind: seemed to enjoy his misery, and would not be kept dry—a hard task, certainly, for any umbrella on such a day. He opened the carriage door to show us where Napoleon stood on the memorable 19th October, 1813 (not that I much cared to see where he stood), and asked, in a drowning tone of voice, if we wanted to go any further. "We must see the iron obelisk which marks the place of Meeting of the Allied Monarchs," said one of the ladies, who was too well up in *Murray* to please the *valet de place*. On we went drearily to the obelisk, and having looked at it through the misty window panes and saw there was really "nothing in it," said we would go back to the hotel, whither we returned not very much wiser than we started.

"The last battle-field I visited was rather fresher than this," said I, as we were driving home.

"Which was that?" enquired my companions.

"Magenta," I replied; "I was in Italy a few weeks after that encounter, and saw where it took place, while every trace of the fight was still fresh on the ground; the vineyards torn up, the houses riddled with shot—the graves where the slain were buried just covered over. The guide who rode with me over the field, pointed sorrowfully to where his countrymen and the French were interred, and 'there,' said he, showing me with glee a mound on the other side of the road, 'there are 500 of those *cami Tedeschi* buried in one hole.' On the platform of the Magenta Railway Station I noticed a large mastiff limping about with a bandage round one of his hind legs. On inquiring to whom it belonged, I was told it was General Espinasse's dog, and had been found near

its master's body after the fight. The poor brute had been wounded by a bullet during the affray, and was seen rushing about in an excited state when the General fell. "He was all through the Crimea," said one of the railway officials, patting the canine hero. "Who is the present owner?" I asked. "He belongs to all of us," said the man.

"And what will all of you take for him?" I asked.

"That's a hard question, sir; I don't think any money would buy him."

"Come," said I, anxious to possess the historical dog, "won't a 100 francs tempt you?" The official stared. One hundred francs was a large sum, he said, and he would go and ask his chief. He shortly returned and said the station-master was not in the way just then, but he would, on his own responsibility sell me the dog for a hundred francs—that I might give him the money, and he would put my purchase into the train for me. I took the dog to Turin; it howled incessantly on the road, and, when we arrived at the hotel, refused to eat or drink. This state of things lasted two days, during which time I received a dozen telegrams begging me to restore the sorrowing mastiff to its former owners; they would give any sum if they could only get their favourite back again. Thinking really the dog would die of grief, I replied they might have it if they would send some one to fetch it and return the money I had paid. The man who had made the bargain arrived next day, and it was remarkable how the dog, on seeing the uniform of the railway official, left off moaning and groaning and exhibited every sign of delight of which a dog is capable. It was almost worth the money I had given for him.

"Is the mastiff still alive?" asked the ladies.

"I should say not," I replied; "he was not a young dog when I had him. The last time I heard of the hero was on passing through Magenta, when one of the porters told me he had been taken to Milan. This was two or three years ago. I dare say he has died of old age since then."

By the time my dog-story was finished we had reached the Hotel de Russie.

"Where's the *valet de place*?" I inquired of the driver, not seeing the Leipsic Mark Tapley when we alighted.

"He's gone home to wring himself," said the driver facetiously. He seemed to require some such process himself, for the rain had wet him through, his heavy tarpaulin notwithstanding.

That evening I went to the theatre, but could not persuade my friends to do likewise—they preferred staying at home to encountering the wet weather again.

The performances at the *Stadt-Theater zu Leipzig*, as at nearly all other German theatres, begin at an early hour. The doors open at half-past five, and the opera or play commences at half-past six p.m. It's all over by nine p.m., and the good people go home to tea or supper. Rather opposed to our English notions of an evening's entertainment is such an arrangement! But then the usual hour for dining in Germany is one o'clock, with which the time for theatrical amusements is fairly consistent.

I got one of the best places in the house for three shillings of our money, and was vastly pleased with what I heard.

The opera given was *Das Nachtlager in Granada* (*A Night's Lodging in Granada*), music by Conradin Kreutzer; real good old German stuff, pleasing to the ear, and satisfactory to the intelligence. The story is as simple as that of *La Sonnambula* to which it bears some resemblance—the night-walking in the *Nachtlager* being done by a brace of ruffians instead of the interesting Amina—not that they are somnambulists, but go about their work much as though they were. The work in question is to murder one Count Otto, a benighted traveller, while he sleeps in a garret or turret—it does not matter which—whither they have conducted him. They are frustrated in their murderous design by Gabriele, with whom the Count has a flirtation in the first scene, and who warns him of his danger in the nick of time. The Count, on being saved from his assassins, rewards Gabriele by renouncing the evil intentions conceived with respect to her in the flirtation scene aforesaid, and gives her away to Gomez, the tenor, her betrothed, as a *finale* to the opera.

Can anything be more simple or more strictly proper? Nothing. Out of this plain, unvarnished tale, Braun, the poet, has made a very interesting libretto, to which Kreutzer has written music to



match, if not more than to match. The overture is admirably constructed, and will well repay examination by any musical connoisseur. How well that subject for the horns, which begins the *allegro*, is introduced! How cleverly the subject, trivial in itself, is brought into the *stretto*, which has been "worked up" by the string instruments! What a brightness that trivial subject gives to the *coda* of the overture! It is a masterly hand that put such ideas together and worked them out so effectively.

The curtain rose, and discovered Fraulein Löwe, as Gabriele, seated on a garden chair, bewailing the death of a favourite pigeon. Innocent pastoral recitative, descriptive of the harrowing circumstance.

Fraulein Löwe is a splendid looking woman, with a commanding presence, almost too commanding for the primitive sentiments to which she had to give expression. She has a mezzo-soprano voice, of great purity and power. Gomez came next, and his representative, Herr Frankl, was hardly strong enough and tall enough to balance Fraulein Löwe, with whom he sang a love duet, expressing their hard fate, the pain of parting, &c. Exit Gomez. Enter Count Otto as a huntsman. Behold a giant! Herr Böhnke cuts out Herr Frankl, and tops Fraulein Löwe; he matches the lady well, and the two together fill the stage up. He has a ballad to sing, an *Aria d'Entrata* to ask Gabriele if she will *Denk' auch manchmal an den Jägermann*, and after that a rattling duet with the lady, which both performed capitally. And so on through the piece, which it would perhaps be tiresome to follow in detail. There was hardly a weak point in the whole performance. The band and chorus were all that could be wished—the solo singers excellent if not first-rate. I was sorry when it was over, and went home wondering the *Nacht-lager* in *Granada* has not found its way to England, where every note of it would surely be appreciated. The part of the Count might have been written for Santley, it would suit him so well.

It was a long while before *Faust* or *Marta*, and many other works popular on the Continent, were produced in London.

Kreutzer must bide his time, which will surely come; for such good music as he has written must make its way wherever good music is encouraged.

I heard no more music—good, bad, or indifferent—in Leipsic, for we left the deluged town next day for Dresden. The ladies, I think, lost patience with the weather, and not without reason, for it had been most depressing. It cleared up on the road, and we had a good view of the beautiful scenery of Saxe-Weimar as we went along. Agriculture seems to have attained greater perfection in that district than in any other part of the world. The varied colours of the produce of the soil are very remarkable. The fields divided into strips of yellow, green, and brown, reminded one of those bottles of sand sold at Freshwater in the Isle of Wight.

"I never saw anything so perfect in the way of farming," said the owner of the gold ornament, who was still lamenting her loss. And she is a good authority, being well acquainted with such matters, not only in England but in very many other parts of the globe.

In Dresden we descended at the Hotel de Saxe and afterwards went to the Palace, and stared until we nearly broke our necks at seeing how the Royal family is supplied with firewood for the winter. We saw it being hoisted in baskets by a rope and pulley to the top stories of the building, at the imminent risk of smashing the windows or knocking the heads off some of the statues on its way.

One show place not mentioned in any Guide-book to Dresden, is the Akustisches Cabinet, in the Ostra Allée. From its name I made sure it was a dépôt for those instruments called syrens, which Professor Tyndal handled so dexterously in his Lectures on Sound. The *valet de place* assured me that the Cabinet was one of the wonders of Dresden and well worth a visit. This made me still more certain it was the abode of syrens, and I hastened to visit it. But, false hope, treacherous valet! I found, when I had paid my shilling and obtained admittance, that the Akustisches Cabinet was nothing more nor less than the show-room of the Messrs. Kaufmann, manufacturers of harmoniums and *selbst spielende* pianofortes. There was a concert of the self-acting musical instruments going on, and I remained to have my shilling's worth of music. Although not syrens, the instruments

exhibited were very remarkable. An automaton-trumpet made a tremendous row, and imitated the tones of a trumpet played in the usual manner exactly. There was a Grosses-Salon-Orchestrion, combining all the instruments of a full band, which seemed to have a will of its own, for when it was announced to play "Casta Diva," it struck up the Market Chorus from *Masaniello*, and substituted a sprightly polka for Luther's Hymn—in fact, it went on "any how," not seeming to care what was set down in the programme for it to do. I remonstrated with the showman, and he shrugged his shoulders saying, "those were the pieces printed, perhaps I was mistaken!" I said I thought not, but that the self-acting Orchestrion had probably changed its mind lately as well as its tunes. It recalled to me the story that is told of how a catalogue of pictures, being wrongly numbered, caused an old lady much confusion at "Dr. Johnson, when a little boy," being represented in a wig and gown addressing a Court of Justice.

The Akustisches Cabinet was evidently in favour with the valets of Dresden. There were many of them there, and all had brought their flock of tourists with them. Such concerts must pay well. The performers once set going cost nothing, and the programmes can be repeated as soon as an audience can be assembled to listen to it. One shilling is rather much to pay for the privilege of going into a music shop, but if you are in search of syrens, and don't know but what you are going to hear them, what does it matter? I congratulate Messrs. Kaufmann on the novelty of their plan, but don't think it would answer without the connivance of the *valets de place*.

We passed some hours in the Dresden Galleries. I could have remained there until now, and not seen enough of the glorious pictures. Correggio's "Night" I was anxious to look at, it being the picture I had read most about, and heard most frequently discussed. It hardly realized my expectations. The composition, as Wilkie says, is perfect, and all the powers of the art are brought to bear to make a perfect work. The light streaming from the Child and illuminating all around, is a contrivance as poetic in its conception as any that ever occurred to the imagination of a painter. The beauty of the Virgin who bends over the Infant undazzled, while another female draws back, shading her eyes with her hand, as if unable to endure the supernatural radiance—the group of angels—the day-break in the sky—in short, the whole construction and arrangement of the picture all combine to justify its reputation. But it has suffered much at the hands of the restorer, the lights have become chalky and thin. The flesh has lost that wondrous tone which is still preserved in the "Recumbent Magdalen" (hanging in another room), in all its pristine beauty. It is this tone in flesh painting which, so difficult to describe, is still more impossible to reproduce by a strange hand in copying, and to retain in the process of retouching. A copyist may make you the *fac simile* of an original picture, photographically correct in every detail, drawing and colouring faultless; but the tone of the flesh will betray his work, he cannot copy that, it is as much the inalienable property of the master hand, as invention is the property of genius.

In Correggio the flesh tones are more subtle than in any other painter. His pictures, when restored, run, therefore, all the greater risk of being damaged. The "Night" has unquestionably been injured. It must not be forgotten that the picture is upwards of 300 years old, and may have suffered from the lapse of time and the action of the atmosphere; but its history proves that it is not alone to those dangers which it has been exposed.

Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto" is called the gem of the Dresden Gallery. Where so many wonders of art are assembled it is difficult to give any one the preference. Here are Guidos, Correggios, Rubens, Holbeins in profusion. Who shall say which is the best where all are of such superlative excellence? The Raphael is a grand work and in splendid preservation.

Going through a Gallery as hurriedly as we were obliged to visit that at Dresden is more confusing than hearing many different melodies performed at the same time. As far as I am concerned, I would rather remain in a room with half-a-dozen good pictures, and have time to study their beauties and become acquainted with them than see all the grandest paintings in the world in a hurry.

After dining at the Hotel de Saxe (in a room as large as the concert room in Hanover Square) at four o'clock, we went to the theatre at half-past six. Lortzing's *Czaar und Zimmermann* was

performed—a very pretty, sparkling opera; another of those unknown in England, which is sure to become popular when played there. The libretto is founded on the well-known story of Peter the Great when, under the name of Peter Michaelson, he worked in the ship-yard at Saardam.

The star of the evening was Herr Schild. Not that he appeared in the principal rôle, but possesses a delightful tenor voice, and sings well. He is a young good-looking fellow, and has a splendid career before him. Madame Janner Krall, the sprano, is clever and attractive—prepossessing is the right word, I think. She was evidently not well on the evening in question, and it would therefore not be fair to judge her vocal abilities, but only to express a hope that when they are all at her command they are somewhat stronger than when I heard her. The next night I saw an extravaganza, *Flick und Flock*—not the ballet of the same name, but one of those pieces such as are given at the Strand. The Byron of Dresden had concocted a parody of the ballet which is famous all over Germany, and introduced all sorts of popular tunes, dances, break-downs, and allusions to local affairs just as our gifted dramatist, punster, poet, and what-not does in London. A Fraulein Weber distinguished herself greatly by the lively manner in which she represented the principal character, and astonished me not a little by singing the "Rapture dwelling," from Balfe's *Old Maid of Artois*, with more effect than I ever heard it before. It was quite a sensation to hear the familiar tune so unexpectedly.

The third night I was at the theatre there was a "hash bill," consisting of a short comedy, and the melodious operetta, *Bon Soir, Monsieur Pantalon*, of course, in German. Fraulein Weber again appeared, and again sang charmingly.

WALTER MAYNARD.

MS. SIMS REEVES AT BIRMINGHAM.—An exceedingly large audience assembled in the Town Hall last night at the irresistible call of Mr. Sims Reeves. The roughness of the night made little or no difference, and it would appear that the great tenor can, on these occasions, even defy the elements. Certainly no singer exercises such a potent spell over the minds of the British public as Mr. Sims Reeves. The little disappointments he occasionally and unavoidably subjects them to, only seem to whet the appetite, and if he will only appear they quite forget the past, and if he accept an encore they go into ecstasies. Last night's was called a "ballad concert," but in reality it was something more. Even at a concert of this description many like to hear a little music of a superior kind. Ballads are exceedingly pretty and very pleasant to listen to when sung well; but the ballad concert is a modern invention. Those who heard Mr. Reeves sing at the late festival will not believe that he is forced to take to ballad singing, but rather descends to it because it has a charm for a large section of the public. Indeed, he could not have given more satisfactory proof that he is still the great tenor, the English *par excellence*, than by the vigour, energy, and power with which he sang his songs last night. Mr. Sims Reeves was supported by Miss Anna Jewell, Madame Patey-Whytock, and Mr. Patey, with Mr. Charles Hallé as pianist, and Madame Piatti accompanist. The only stranger was Miss Anna Jewell. She sings with ease, fluency, and finish. Madame Patey-Whytock sang among other pieces, "The Meeting of the Waters," with true feeling and expression, eliciting a hearty encore. Mr. Patey improves every time we hear him. Mr. Reeves was in excellent voice, and sang what was set down for him in his own inimitable manner. His interpretation of the ballad, "The Pride of Kildare," was simply exquisite, and when, in response to a vociferous encore, he gave "Tom Bowling," the enthusiasm of the audience scarcely knew any bounds. Of course a vigorous effort was made to encore Mr. Reeves in everything he sang—an honour which he does not appear so proud of as some of our younger vocalists—and one which he wisely declined to accept in every case last night. The pianoforte performances of Mr. Charles Hallé were a rich treat to many present. His execution of Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso* and also Schubert's *Impromptu* in A flat, and Heller's *Tarantella*, delighted those who could appreciate faultless execution and fine music. Schumann's Duo, for two pianos, by Madame Piatti and Mr. Chas. Hallé, should, perhaps, be heard under other circumstances to be fully understood and enjoyed.—*Birmingham Daily Gazette*, Dec. 12.

LEIPZIG.—Ninth Gewandhaus Concert: "Salvum fac Regem," Hauptmann; "Fest-Ouverture," Op. 124, Beethoven; the 98th Psalm, Mendelssohn; Violin Concerto, Viotti (Herr Walther, from Munich); French National Songs for Chorus; Variations, on a theme by Mozart, for Violin, David (Herr Walther); and Symphony No. 8, F major, Beethoven.

#### HANDLE TURNERS.

On the curtain rising, slowly to soft music, is discovered Almeida, "The Mourning Bride," in deep crape, vainly endeavouring to distil comfort from melody. Presently she advances to the orchestra, and exclaims,

"Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,  
To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak."

But, she adds, her grief is so overwhelming, having lost her father, that an entire course of Monday Popular Concerts would neither afford cure nor relief.

The experiments made upon Mr. Babbage afford another startling proof that the intently occupied mind considers as an insult the intrusion of harmonies. After labouring for weeks, toiling at roots and surds and logarithms, the great calculator is within sight of his "sum tottle" when a street organ strikes up its mechanic strain and sets the algebraic brain dancing to the "Hilda Waltz." Mr. Babbage loses patience, shows temper, upsets his stomach, and finishes work for that day. Mr. Babbage ought either to live in the country or in a padded room, or get deaf.

Our own experience of peace disturbed, and angry passions roused through the twanging vibrations of music waves, is another confirmation that the compound householder when absorbed in mental work of the lowest character is still subject to the same distressing emotions as those which racked the Princess of Grenada and exploded the mathematician of London.

We were busily engaged going over the butcher's book (it had no business to be so heavy), and we were bothered to death with checking the 6½ lb. bf. at 9½d., and the 8½ lb. mut. at 9½d., when a professor of the barrel organ planted himself—rude weed—in the front garden, and commenced his begging concert. We were hard at work over 8½ lb. pork chops at 8½d. when the savage began to "paddle his own canoe." We rushed to the window and made signs of distress, but the handsome tormentor only smiled back at our wrath, showed his beautiful teeth, and, indeed, churned the harder at his barrels. When we frowned he nodded his head; when we cried "go away" he replied he was a "poor Italian." In despair we cast aside the butcher's book (full of shameful errors), and listened to eight tunes.

"Ah! che la morte" is a lovely thing, and it made us digest our mutton and beef fury. We began to think more kindly of the picturesque grinder of nerves. He might be some educated musician, some sensitive artist reduced by want to this turning of the mangling machine, he might be bending under the heavy weight of care, as well as his musical box. He might be acquainted with a tune even more distressing than those he played—*misfortune*. Taking twopence from the mantelpiece, we hurried to an interview.

That he might enjoy our conversation the better, we mixed up for him a linguistic salad, composed of English, Latin, French, and Italian. He was a communicative man, warmly clad—half brigand, half railway porter—and decorated with a peacock's feather and earrings. He enjoyed his smile. When called upon for serious opinions he uttered them with an air of unanswerable wisdom, which made discussion appear to be a stabbing matter.

We began, "You venez la bella Italia; the classic superba, jolie, patria." He smiled twelve teeth, all white as a sole's belly. "Si, Signor, me Naples, from Leather Lane."

As he could speak English, and seemed proud of his knowledge, we withdrew our polyglot salad, and felt relieved. "Ah! Naples of the clear skies and blue waters. Dost not long to quit our soot-clouded London?" His eyes looked poems, but he only answered—"Safron Hill var good town; plenty cabbage, plenty good fish—cheap."

The "cheap fish" was annoyingly unpoetical. We instantly dropped our romantic style of address. "Of course you are a thorough musician—all Italians are—born so. We need not ask if you are devoted to your art?"

"Oh, yaas," he replied, with a look of pathetic weariness. "Twelve years with organ—long time. Music var good thing! make de leetle childer dance."

This was not encouraging. "You misunderstand! Music—fine study—you it love—you it adore—for beauty, it worship."

Even thus clearly explained he failed to catch our meaning. "Yaas, yaas,"—nodding his classic head—"music good, bring money to poor Italiano, sometime two shilling, sometime one shilling—not much. Organ var heavy fifty pound, and make wrist tired. At first tire much, O, la! now use to it, not tire so much as tire before use to it, you see?"

We determined on trying another tack. "Goethe says (see the *Musical World*) 'The worth of art appears most eminent in music, since it requires no material, no subject-matter, whose effect must be deducted: it is wholly form and power.' Now, do you agree with that opinion?"

After profound consideration, he replied, "Vaal, not when de rain fall: de wet wedder spoil de tunes, spoil de polish, spoil de clothes—music not good when rain come."

We began to suspect that our theory of the educated and sensitive artist was an absurdity, but we patiently pursued our inquiry. "Just now," we continued, "you were playing a *morceau* from *Figaro*. Of course, it is useless to inquire if you know who Mozart was."

He shook his head. "He not live in our court—not know him. Dere's Muscardini, have de monkey—non Mozart. Muscardini you mean."

"No, no! Mo-zart—the di-vine Mo-zart," with great distinctness. "You have been playing his music, from *Figaro*."

"Non, non," shaking his head slowly, with the solemnity of wisdom; "your Mozart make no tune for my organ. Mr. Hicks, who live in Clerkenwell, he make de music wit a leetle hammer."

"We are speaking of the celebrated composer, Mozart," we continued; "the great genius, who blessed the world with, alas! sadly too few of his noble works, for he died young. Mozart, the author of *Figaro*."

"Den he cannot be Mr. Hicks," was the absurd answer. "Mr. Hicks live in Clerkenwell, at the back of the prison, on the oder side. He charge me ten shilling for de tune. He take de hammer and de little nail of brass, and make de music—so, tap, tap. Dat Mozart not true."

He had seated himself on his organ the better to enjoy the chat. Scarcely believing what we had heard, preferring to think that the brown-skinned son of Naples misunderstood us—that conversing in a foreign language confused him—we shifted the subject of our discourse.

"There is another great composer, Handel—George Frederick Handel—the giant among composers. What think you of the man who was born at Halle, in Germany?"

The Italian's features assumed a savage expression. "Italians not like de Garmans. Dere plenty brass bands, Whitechapel. If dey come to Saffron Hill we say 'go away.' We fight battles. Dere is no Handel in our court."

"The Handel I refer to died in 1759, aged seventy-four years, and is now worshipped by musicians as one of the greatest in the calendar of sainted genius. You do not know his works?"

He endeavoured to explain to me his hatred for Germans. "De poor Italiano play de organ—vaal, de Garman trompets come—vaal, two musics not good. De people say, 'Vat noise! Go away! Vat noise is dis?' So, no penny poor Italiano. Garmans!" He crunched his teeth together. "Your Handel come to Saffron-hill—he see! Huh!"

When an Italian is angry he should be comforted, so we allowed him to grind his superb teeth over the thoughts of Handel—he was used to abuse enough whilst he lived—and gently coaxed the savage back to Italian memories.

"There once lived a famous Italian, named Donizetti. He was a writer of music. Have you ever heard of him?"

With sudden delight he cried out, "Dat good man! Dat good man? Yars! You know him!"

"We were not personally acquainted," we replied modestly, yet charmed with the poor fellow's enthusiasm, and delighted at having at last raked out of his dust-bin mind one great name he recognized. "His glorious works are thoroughly admired."

"Ah! ah! glorious works!" Then he laughed and smacked his lips. "De sausage di Bologna, de macaroni of Naples—dat good works, yars." The wretch was talking of a provision merchant.

Disgusted, wearied, sorrowful, we only put one more question to the handsome idiot.

"Whom do you consider to be the greatest composer who ever lived?"

The answer was given to us confidentially, as though imparting a professional secret. "Dere is a man in Paris vat make de organ, but he charge too much money; you say, with fierce look, 'Cristi! give twelve pound, no more!' Oh! good organ! eight tune."

So we gave him two pennies and he hoisted up his cargo and departed. This handle-turner knew no more of the art that sanctified his noise than a telegraph wire knows of the message it conveys. It does not particularly matter though annoying! There will always be handle-turners as long as the world lasts, and this man cost only twopence. King Beales is more expensive.

THEOPHILUS QUEER (M.D.)

MADRID.—At the Teatro Real, Mdle. de Maesen has appeared as Margarita in M. Gounod's *Faust* with tolerable success.—The mortal remains of Madame Nantier-Didié, whose death has occasioned a feeling of the deepest regret here, were conveyed to their last resting-place, the Cemetery de la Patriaral, on Thursday, the 5th inst. The hearse was followed by more than a hundred carriages, containing all the artistic and literary celebrities of the Spanish capital, as well as distinguished private individuals, anxious to pay a last tribute to the deceased.

NAPLES.—La *Contessa d'Amalfi* will be performed during the approaching carnival season at the San Carlo. It will, also, be produced at Savona, Alessandria, Vicenza, Verona, Rimini, and elsewhere.

### Notes of a Singing Lesson

(By an amateur.)

Here beginneth chapter the first of a series,  
To be followed by manifold notes and queries;  
So novel the queries, so trying the notes  
That I think I must have the queerest of throats  
And most notable dulness, or else long ago  
The Signor had given up teaching, I trow.  
(I wonder if ever before he has taught  
A pupil who can't do a thing as she ought!)

The voice has machinery (now to be serious),  
Invisible, delicate, strange, and mysterious.  
A wonderful organ-pipe firstly we trace,  
Which is small in a tenor and wide in a bass;  
Below an Eolian harp is provided,  
Through whose fairy-like fibres the air will be guided;  
Above is an orifice larger or small,  
As the singer desires to rise or to fall;  
Expand and depress it to deepen your roar,  
But raise and contract it when high you would soar.

Alas for the player, the pipes, and keys,  
If the pipes give out an inadequate breeze!  
So this is the method of getting up steam,  
The one motive power for song or for scream.  
Slowly, and deeply, and just like a sigh,  
Fill the whole chest with a mighty supply,  
Through the mouth only, and not through the nose;  
And the lungs must condense it ere further it goes.

(How to condense it I really don't know,  
And very much hope the next lesson will show.)  
Then, forced from each side, through the larynx it comes,  
And reaches the region of molars and gums;  
And half of the sound will be ruined or lost  
If by any impediment here it is crossed.  
On the soft of the palate beware lest it strike,  
The effect would be such as your ear would not like;  
And arch not the tongue, or the terrified note  
Will straightway be driven back into your throat.  
Look well to your trigger, nor hasten to pull it;  
Once hear the report, and you've done with your bullet.

In the feminine voice there are registers three,  
Which lower, and middle, and upper must be;  
And each has a sounding board all of its own,  
The chest, lips, and head, to reverberate tone;  
But in cavities nasal beware lest it ring,  
Or no one is likely to wish you to sing.  
And if on this subject you waver in doubt,  
By listening and feeling the truth will come out.

The lips, by-the-bye, will have plenty to do,  
In forming the vowels Italian and true;  
Eschewing the English, uncertain and hideous,  
With an O and an U that are simply amphibious.  
In flexible freedom let both work together,  
And the under one must not be stiffened like leather.

Here endeth the substance of what I remember,  
Indited this twenty-sixth day of November.

FANNY M. HAVERGAL.

BRIXTON.—The Amateur Musical Society gave its second concert this season on Wednesday week. The singers were Mdle. Cosenza and Mr. G. Perren. Mdle. Cosenza, who has a soprano voice of good quality, sang in the first part of the concert Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor" and Guglielmo's "Gratias Agimus"—the latter with orchestral accompaniment (clarinet *obligato*, Mr. H. Snelling)—contributing to the second part a *valse* by Signor Arditi. Her success was in Guglielmo's air. Mr. Perren gave "Come into the Garden, Maud," "My own dear home" (Tillyard), and two songs of his own composition—"The old green lane" and "When first the Bells"—the last in reply to an encore. The overtures, which commenced the first and second parts, were Auber's *Le Pâtre* and Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*. The symphony was Haydn's in B flat, No. 9, all played fairly. The other orchestral pieces were a *Der Freischütz* selection (Jullien's arrangement), and J. A. Owen's march, "The Relief of Lucknow," which ended the concert. The pianoforte accompanist was Mr. J. Harrison; the conductor, Mr. C. Boosé.—W. H. P.

FLORENCE.—The autumn season was brought to a close at the Pergola with *L'Italiana in Algeri*, and the ballet of *Estella*.



## THE FUGUE AS AN ART WORK.\*

(Continued from page 741.)

We have endeavored to show on what principles the rank of art-works is to be determined. The general result at which we have arrived is, that musical works are greater in proportion to the ideas of beauty and truth they communicate, rather than in proportion to any impression of masterly skill in counterpoint they may give us. In the discussion of the main question, therefore (namely, as to the rank of the Fugue), it becomes necessary in the first place to inquire—What are the traits of the Fugue? And then from a comparison of these traits with the general principles already deduced we shall be able to solve our problem, to our own satisfaction at least.

The grand question is—What is the true position of the Fugue in the world of musical art? Now this question is not one already determined (as some might hastily assume), as is evident from the fact that different composers—acknowledged masters, too—have placed very different estimates upon the Fugue. Some have ignored it entirely. Others have cultivated it—Mendelssohn, for instance—only as a severe exercise in composition. Others, again, have employed it more largely than any other style of composition, as, for instance, Bach.

2. And here I pause to remark that in my use of the term the Fugue is not a distinct musical form. For I use the word "form" to signify "any plan in accordance with which several successive periods of melody are associated so as to form one whole." The form is the plan of period-relation of the work. The Song-form, Rondo, Sonata, or Fantasia, are distinguishable musical forms. Fugue is a system of counterpoint; and a Fugue is a composition in which the counterpoint is managed in accordance with the laws of that system. It is not the plan, in accordance with which the melodic periods follow one another, that distinguishes the Fugue from other compositions, but the manner of the counterpoint, and this alone. Any work in which the voices bear strict fugal relations to each other, is a Fugue. Yet it is possible that a work be a Fugue, and still be, as to its period-relations, a veritable Sonata. Bach's organ fugue in E flat (the so-called St. Ann's, I believe) is almost a Sonatina.

3. And this leads us to a closer survey of the noteworthy traits of the Fugue. The one great feature of the Fugue is the counterpoint. It is this, as we have seen, that names the work. It is indeed the culmination of counterpoint. Cherubini says:—

"Such as it exists at the present time, Fugue is the perfection of counterpoint. It should comprise not only all the resources supplied by the different kinds of counterpoint, but many other devices peculiar to itself."

"All that a good composer ought to know, may be introduced into fugue; it is the type of all pieces of music; that is to say, whatever the piece composed, so that it be well conceived, regular, and conducted with good intention—it should, without bearing precisely the character and form of a fugue, at least possess its spirit."

The fugues of Bach do have well-marked individualities of emotional tone. But they do none of them suggest distinct emotional states, or impress us, and elevate or depress the emotional condition of the listener to consonance with themselves, so decidedly as do many other works—certain of Beethoven's Sonatas, for instance.

Fugues are grand. Even the easy ones awaken impressions of power. They are restless, and when they cease it is not from an apparent fitness of necessary conclusion reached, but rather of arbitrary pause. For a fugue when "played, is not played out." You are conscious of no reason why it might not go on indefinitely—or, at least, as long as the counterpoint "holds out." It has a determined purpose, which is, to worthily magnify a given subject. In its extent, and in the determination of its period-relations and paragraphs, it is strictly a *fantasy*.

4. Certain compositions do possess much of the fugue spirit, yet are not strictly fugues. For example, the *finale* of Beethoven's A flat Sonata, Op. 26, has much of this spirit. Now what impression does this *finale* make upon us, as compared with other movements of the same work? The first movement, the *andante* with variations, is full of soul. The *scherzo* is purposely of small spiritual weight, in order to relieve the mind from what precedes, and preparatory to what follows. The third movement is the solemn Funeral March—a composition which with perhaps two or three others stands first of its kind. Now steps in the lively *finale*, quick, impetuous, even mirthful. Two of the previous movements are full of spiritual meaning. While counterpoint has had a fair share of attention, it has been employed only in strict subordination to the "inner light." Impressions of Beauty and Truth have been foremost in the composer's intention. But now it is time to relieve the attention so severely tasked in this direction, and the resources of counterpoint are employed with a liberal hand to awaken impressions of delight more of the intellect than of the Emotions. The melodic contents are significant, it is true, but they become infinitely more so in

the manner of elaboration. This movement is needed to restore the spiritual equilibrium. From the whole Sonata, the soul awakens as from an Elysian dream.

5. To conclude. From good Fugues we receive great pleasure. But it is clear to me that between the Fugue and Sonata there is a fundamental and radical difference, other than of form or counterpoint. A Sonata is a grand soul-picture. A Fugue is a grand piece of work. It may be a soul-picture, too. But it is of a soul that is restless, striving after infinite development—a worthy strife, yet *strife*, after all; a *Becoming*, a never *Is*. To hear a good Sonata, rests one; a Fugue invigorates, clears the head, but does not seem to afford rest. The grand task of the Sonata is, to convey "ideas of beauty;" of the Fugue, "ideas of power and relation." It follows, therefore, that the Fugue is truly "less noble than other forms of musical art, in so far as it expresses less" of soul "than they."

That the Fugue *does* express less of emotion, but more of intellectual contrivance than some other varieties of music, is a matter of consciousness among the majority of thoughtful musicians. In any nation the number of those who do not coincide with this decision, may almost be counted on one's fingers. Now we can receive great pleasure in contemplating a neat problem in mathematics; but when one would seek to convince us of the wonderful amount of emotional expression and spirituality that is latent therein, we are reminded of the just remark of the poet, that

"Optics sharp 'twould take, I ween,  
To see a thing that can't be seen."

That such optics are possessed by any, is to the "eleven obstinate men on the jury," a matter of profound admiration!

## GREAT CONCERT ROOM, KING'S THEATRE.

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THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

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Respectfully informs the Nobility and Gentry that his

MORNING CONCERT

Will take place at the above Rooms, on

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## Coral Performers:

MADAME MALIBRAN DE BERIOT, Mlle. GIULIETTA GRISI,  
SIGNOR RUBINI, SIGNOR IVANOFF, SIGNOR TAMBURINI,  
Mr. BALFE, and SIGNOR LABLACHE.

VIOLIN.—MONSIEUR DE BERIOT will perform a Fantasia.  
PIANOFORTE.—MR. EDOUARD SCHULZ will play a Grand Fantasia by Thalberg, also a Concertante Duet for two Grand Pianofortes with MONSIEUR HENRI HERZ.

FRENCH HORN.—SIGNOR PUZZI will perform a Solo.  
GUITAR.—MR. LEONARD SCHULZ will play a Fantasia.

In the course of the Concert will also be performed  
BEETHOVEN'S OVERTURE TO "FIDELIO,"

AND  
MENDELSSOHN'S OVERTURE TO  
SHAKESPEARE'S "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

The ORCHESTRA will consist of the most celebrated Professors, and will be complete in every Department.

Leader—MR. MORI. Conductor—MR. COSTA.

Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; to be had of Mr. E. SCHULZ, 7, Great Marlborough Street, and at all the principal Musicians'. Boxes to be taken only of Mr. SCHULZ, who requests the favour of an early application.

SALISBURY.—The *Messiah* has been given by the members of the Sarum Choral Society, at the Assembly Rooms, with decided success. The audience was very numerous and exceedingly attentive. The principal singers were Misses Edmonds and Poole, Messrs. Briggs and Charles Lyall. Miss Edmonds especially distinguished herself in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and Miss Poole in "He was despised." Mr. Briggs sang the bass solos carefully, and Mr. Lyall the tenor music, according to the *Salisbury Journal*, "with plenty of force and no lack of proper feeling." The chorus acquitted themselves in a praiseworthy manner, and the whole performance gave satisfaction.

NICE.—The Imperial Theatre opened with *Saffo*, which was very warmly applauded. The principal characters were sustained by the Signore Demi and Ferardi, Signori Oliva-Pavani and Buti.

\* Dwight's Journal of Music.

## SINGING BIRDS THE MOST ANCIENT MUSICIANS.

In behalf of that beautiful and interesting portion of creation, the aerial songsters! I have for some years observed the diminishing of our indigenous singing birds. I can remember when goldfinches, linnets, and other small singing birds were caught in nets in Stepney and Ben-Johnson's fields,\* and other fields not farther remote from the metropolis, and the persons who made it their business to catch birds for sale, insnared them in such large numbers that any of the ordinary kinds might be purchased for a mere trifle. The practice of catching birds in traps and guns of all sorts used by boys so operated against the regular dealers that a common remark made, when a person was seen passing through any of the streets in London with call birds at his back, was "Two soles ne heel." The epithet applied to those whose calling it was to catch birds, either from the poverty of the trade then, or the contempt in which it was held by a part of society who think it cruel to confine birds; or it may be imputed to both causes. But it is not my purpose to argue the righteousness or unrighteousness of confining birds, but to preserve and increase them. I do not object to catching birds in traps, &c.; the calling may be legitimate, and, as respects the confinement of some of our British singing birds, it does not much affect them, for, by proper attention, they live and warble merrily for some years in cages. But to the point; the great decrease in our indigenous singing birds may be accounted for in a measure by the increase of buildings of all sorts. This circumstance occasions the cutting down of trees, bushes, and hedges, and destroys the food growing naturally for their support and multiplication; but the building of houses, &c., would not kill the birds at once—they would forage further away. Now the painful part of the story as the cause of the great diminution is to be related. They are shot for sport—our rural songsters of the groves are killed by the gun for fun. Bets of £10 are staked to catch a certain number of them in a set time, and, from overcrowding the birds in the cages, many of them are suffocated. Such accidents have occurred.

That beautiful part of creation given to man by a gracious God for change and variety in the fields and forests, and to cheer and comfort men's hearts, is being daily ruthlessly destroyed. Those musicians of the remotest antiquity, which gave to Father Jubal the instincts of music, are now sacrificed for sport. How angry would the inventor of the organ and harp be to witness such pitiless and barbarous treatment to those sweet creatures, which, in the Spring, make the woods and the vales resound with their singing. Who had been at the pains of contriving and making musical instruments which could be played when the diurnal songsters of the woods and forests were mute, the which had inspired him through the day-time so often with their harmonious sounds? What man, woman, or child, may it be assumed, is insensible to the charms of music? It sets the aged's head a-nodding, and the infant a-trotting. And shall that ancient order of musicians be exterminated, whose authority to make the fields, and the orchards, the shrubberies, and the plantations, &c., echo with their singing is unquestionable? Those loyal subjects—ever true and faithful. I was taking a walk in the month of May or June in a bye-walk, and I observed at a short distance two fashionably dressed youths; and at the same instant I noticed a small bird flying, and that it presently perched; it was also seen by the youths, who walked towards the tree where it was perched, and one of the lads fired; I saw the bird fall, when one of the youths exclaimed, with an air of glee, "This numbers twenty-one we have shot this morning." I had perceived by the undulatory flight of the bird it was not a sparrow. Looking at the lads intently, they inquired if I should like to see the bird just shot? I reproved them by saying it was too bad to destroy God's creatures. The singing birds are a gracious gift bestowed upon man; they were intended as a lasting blessing, and I had as much a right to them as anyone else of the community, and that I should not yield my claim in permitting them being exterminated without opposition on my part. The youths owned they had killed over a score, and how many more besides they had shot I will not venture to guess. It is no uncommon occurrence to meet persons with guns in the lanes and bye-roads, and to hear the unwelcome report from a gun at any season of the year. It may be you are desirous of taking a quiet walk through the fields, when you are suddenly startled by these loud sounds. Whether the feathered warblers are brooding, or have a brood, they fall victims to the caprice of men and lads. So if the public will permit these sweet songsters to be shot by scores, ere long the fields and woods will, in a great degree, lose their charms.

Lack-a-day for the aged tradesmen and other individuals who have played their parts; also the blind, maimed, melancholy, and paralysed too, who come into the country to be benefited by the change, when the song of the skylark, the thrush, and blackbird, are not to be heard in the Spring and Summer. And this is pretty much the case some five or six miles distant from the metropolis—east, west, north, and south of it. Fifty years ago indigenous singing birds abounded in the parish in which I reside, some six or seven miles distant from London, and those whose occupation it was to catch birds might be seen in all parts of the neighbourhood occasionally insnaring them. Now there are but very few singing birds in the parish, and the few are being shot or trapped, so that the number diminishes. The late hard frosts in the early part of this year, 1867, during the time it lasted, gave opportunity to those

persons who take delight in the sport of shooting our British singing birds, for the poor creatures, the blackbird, thrush, and other songsters, would venture to forage on the hedgerows, to feed on the haws, for but few persons care to feed them, and so became a mark for those who were out in the fields with their guns. Some of the kinds of birds that lived in the parish and neighbourhood forty years ago have wholly disappeared. The magpie, daw, jay, and sparrow-hawk are never seen wild. A regular bird-catcher, that passeth through the parish frequently, having call birds at his back, said he was obliged to go to a distance of nineteen miles to catch birds sufficiently to pay him. The country has its peculiar pleasures—the rural lanes and walks, the pure and invigorating air, the rivulets and lakes, the flowers, meadows, and woods, and its aerial songsters, &c. And it is to the interest of the public to preserve and protect these. Much has been written on the subject against destroying our feathered warblers; and much good may be done by persons who have large gardens, or orchards, shrubberies, plantations, or fields enclosed. These may in a measure, I would kindly suggest, be preserves for the singing birds, for if the labourers and gardeners who are employed on these grounds were commanded not to take or pillage the birds' nests, or trap or shoot the birds that breed or forage in these enclosures, they would quickly multiply. Thistlefinches, or goldfinches, and linnets forage on thistle seed; blackthrush, or blackbirds, thrushes, skylarks, larks, &c., feed on slugs, grubs, worms, snails, and other destructive insects. A blackbird that was confined to a cage has consumed twenty slugs in the course of the day; chaffinches and other finches and small birds feed on the small caterpillar, earwig, and other small insects. And it is not desirable to have the feathered warblers in our gardens and grounds, which labour in consuming the insects gratuitously, and charm us with their music? And if they do plunder a little fruit, as gooseberries, currants, and cherries, they amply compensate by their efficient and voluntary labour. Where there is an abundant crop of fruit, gooseberries may be bought for one penny or even a half-penny a pint; cherries one penny and two pence per pound. But if the birds are scared in the Summer and Autumn to prevent them participating in some of the fruit, by frightening and shooting at them, they will be shy of visiting such places at any other time, though their services then would be welcomed. Market gardeners, and fruit-growers for the market, speculating on their crops of fruit, have concluded that half a crop has paid better than a heavy or full crop, and yet the birds are fired at and scared that venture to partake of a little of it. It appears that the British birds were more cared for generally a century ago than of late years. The Rev. William Haubury, in his voluminous book on gardening, culture of forests, evergreens, fruit trees, &c., &c., &c., in recommending the wilding cherry tree, the black, and the little red, writes:—"Where these trees are properly disposed, either for avenues leading to houses, for parks, for clumps, or for woods, &c., they strike the imagination in the Spring by their flowers. The flowers afford great relief to the industrious bee, and whoever is delighted with the music of the feathered choir can devise no method so proper to invite them as to tempt them with the fruit of the black cherry tree, on which the blackbird regales and the thrush feasts." Neither, he observes, are these sweet singing birds the only part of the feathered creation who are fond of this fruit, for swarms of jackdaws, magpies, jays, &c., will carefully watch the season, and contend for their share. A word on the rooks, marten, and swallow, will conclude my observations on the birds. The rook is a voluntary labourer, and generous assistant to farmers, graziers, and other persons having much land. It forages on foul pasturage, and fresh ploughed ground, consuming slugs, grubs, worms, and field mice. The rook should be fed on corn or potatoes; the refuse of any of the sorts would suffice, if plentifully given when the land is frozen, by those persons advantaged by their services, and not suffered to famish. The marten and swallow, those interesting birds whose volant action and sprightly agility is unsurpassed, scours the air of bluebottle and flies, and so befriends the butcher, baker, grocer, fruiterer, and confectioner, and every person who has a pantry or larder. And animals: the horse, mule, ass, cow, &c. &c., would be glad to be relieved in any degree when tormented by the flies; they, therefore, should be esteemed by the public generally, and let quietly perform their useful avocations.

A MUSICAL CONVENTION AT THE SOUTH.—The Shenandoah Musical Association proposes holding a convention or musical festival in Woodstock, Va., to commence on the 24th and end on the 27th of this month. This is not only the first assemblage of the sort which has ever met in this far-famed valley, but is the first of the kind. We understand, ever assembled in Virginia. Sad have been the ravages and desolations of mortal strife in this lovely region of the Shenandoah, so that one must be cold indeed who can contemplate such an assemblage—full of peace and enthusiasm—without joy and devout thanksgiving to God. A friend writes: "We are expecting a good time in the Valley. Dr. Everett has been written to and invited to be present on the occasion and deliver an address, but don't know as he will accept; hope he will, he is such a charming lecturer." Since this was written, we understand the Doctor has accepted the invitation, and will have for his subject "The History, Utility, and Influence of Sacred Music." The leader of the convention is Professor R. M. McIntosh, author of *Tabor*.—*Musical Pioneer* (New York).

\* Stepney and Ben-Johnson's fields, distant from Whitechapel 1½ to 2 miles.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**SCHILICET.**—Good Friday, although it was observed with the usual solemnities in many quarters, was in others devoted to certain sports which have for as many years as one can well remember been associated in the public mind with the great Fast-day of the Church. In former times the men of Westmoreland and Cumberland were accustomed to try their skill and strength by wrestling in Lord's cricket ground on Good Friday, and very cruel sport it not uncommonly was, as many could testify who received severe blows or hard kicks in their struggles for victory. Thousands of persons were in the habit of witnessing these periodical conflicts, and the two counties specially concerned took a deep interest in the successes of their representatives. During the last few years these annual trials have taken place, not at Lord's, but at the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

**DILETTANTE.**—The article (we quote from memory and the *Post*) was as subjoined: "The first appearance of Mdlle. Pauline Lucca on Thursday last was one of the most important, and certainly one of the most agreeable, events of the season. If art is long and life short, it is equally certain that youth and beauty are charming. In a philosopher a prepossessing appearance is not looked for, and that a sage should have lost his youth before finding wisdom is not, after all, a matter for deep regret, except of course to himself. But among singers, who that has had the least experience does not constantly lament that the young ones have, in an artistic point of view, much to gain, while the accomplished veterans have, in a personal point of view, nothing to lose. Mdlle. Pauline Lucca has everything to recommend her—a young and fresh voice, a thorough mastery of the vocal art, great dramatic talent, and, what may certainly be counted as elements in Mdlle. Lucca's popularity, a face and figure far superior to those of the Margaret imagined by Ary Scheffer. Mario, who always sings particularly well when the heroine with whom he has to sing is particularly well worth singing to, was on Thursday evening in excellent voice, and thoroughly disposed to do his best, which he accordingly did. Mdlle. Morensi appeared in the insipid part of Siebel, and sang Siebel's insipid ballads without giving to them any expression of her own. Mdlle. Morensi has an agreeable voice, and is a clever singer; but the part of Siebel is so out of place in the drama, and Siebel himself is such a poor personage—a good deal worse than Don Ottavio, in *Don Giovanni*, and not much better than Arturo, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*—that it is difficult to have a thorough admiration for any of Siebel's representatives considered only as such."

**DRAMATICUS.**—No; the article (we again cite from memory) was as subjoined: "Mdlle. Beatrice Lucchesini still remains the principal attraction at the Haymarket, conferring on the drama, *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*, a popularity which is not its own. By way of contrast to this semi-serious work Mr. J. Stirling Coyne's hilarious comedy of *Presented at Court*, in which Mr. Buckstone plays one of his best characters, has been revived. Although the plot of this piece is founded on the difficulties encountered by Madame du Barri at the Court of Louis XV., as particularly recorded in M. Dumas' *Memoirs of a Physician*, not only are the incidents transferred from Versailles to St. James's, but the play in its dramatic form is entirely original."

**ADAM BUSH.**—On the contrary. The plot of the opera of *Il Seraglio* is simple, and, as might almost be guessed from the title, consists of the depiction of the woes of a Christian lady and her female servant, Blonda, who are confined in the harem of one Selim, a Turkish Bashaw. Selim is desperately in love with his fair captive, Constance, and hopes to obtain possession of her love in return by fair means; but to all his protestations Constance turns a deaf ear, having already a lover in the person of Belmont. Pedrillo, Belmont's servant, is in love with Blonda,

and, in conjunction with his master, arranges a scheme by which the two ladies are to be carried off from the Bashaw's Palace during the night. Osmin, the Bashaw's head gardener, and to whom the Bashaw has given Blonda as a slave, is made tipsy by Pedrillo, and in that state is led to bed, Pedrillo hoping by this means to get rid of him all the night; but, nevertheless, while the elopement is taking place, Osmin comes forward, and his presence ultimately leads to the arrest of the whole four, who are taken before Selim. Belmont implores pardon, and mentions his father's name, upon which Selim thanks his good fortune that chance has thrown into his power the son of his greatest enemy, and thereupon orders the four captives to be led away to the torture; but shortly afterwards he relents, and grants the whole four unconditional freedom and passports to their own countries.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1867.

### A CONTRIBUTION TO THE HISTORY OF ORATORIO.

By EMIL NAUMANN.\*

(Continued from page 869.)

**H**OW different is it with Handel, with whom we may conclude our sketch, since he stands before us as the real founder of the musical Epic, and, at the same time—like Homer—as the model, which never has been, and, probably never will be, surpassed, of this whole branch of art.

The profound and characteristic difference between Bach and Handel is this: Bach represents the highest pitch to which the development of oratorio can attain under purely Christian influences only; Handel, on the other hand, is the very highest master of the style that of necessity resulted from the alliance of Christian civilization and humanity with the traditions of classical culture and views as handed down through the period of the Renaissance. If, consequently, Bach excels Handel in Evangelical enthusiasm, as well as in fervour of expression, if, in a far more subjective and more passionate manner, he gives himself up to Christ as the ideally Beloved One of his soul, that is to say, if he deserves to be called the first in every instance where the composer steps into the foreground with his own personal feeling, in Handel, on the other hand, we are first struck with that objectivity and varied power of exposition which, while seizing on the most opposite subjects with equally inexhaustible plastic capability, marks the epic poet, whom we forget in his work; in Handel we are first struck with that greatness and boldness, that glowing heroism, distinguishing alike the hero, and him who sings the hero's deeds. It was, therefore, Handel who first showed us in music, as in other arts, the epic tone-poem in all the purity of its kind, that is, freed from everything tending to restrict the work of art. This fact is the more significant, because, though, as we have already remarked, Oratorio was more favourable to transcendental subjects than the Epic, the Oratorio was not destined to gain the genuine epic type, before the national and heroic element took the place of sentiment more particularly subjective as the essence of the whole composition. As a matter of course, a great national deed, or a hero in all his sublimity, is not conceivable without a God, without moral precepts, and ideal grandeur, to which, in the case of Handel, must be added the fact that the class of subjects previously prevailing in oratorio, as well as his own feeling caused him to find the most lofty theme, and the source of all that is great in the one primitive God of the Old and New Testament. But in the very fact that he did not treat that God merely according to the New Testament, or evangelically; not, in a word, merely canonically and subjectively, like Sebastian Bach, lies Handel's many-sidedness. For him the God of Joshua, Jephtha, Samson, and Solomon, though in his essence the same, is not, according to the period and nation portrayed by Handel, the



New Testament God of *The Messiah*, but the national God of *Israel*, conceived entirely in the spirit of the Old Testament; a zealous God, who, by his miracles, though still more by the arms of the heroes aroused by him, shatters the Heathen like potsherds; a God who takes vengeance even unto the third and fourth generation, leading His chosen people from punishment and repentance to victory and triumph. While, however, in the composer's soul, the humanity resulting from his Christian culture is wedded to the Heroic principle, he raises the story of the Jewish heroes, as Homer raises the *Iliad*, to the Universally-Human, or the absolutely Beautiful and Sublime. In the morally elevated and pure enthusiasm of such choruses as "O mach' uns frei, von unsrer Feinde Tyrannie!" in *Judas Maccabæus*, or the nobly moderated delight at victory in the triumphal song, "See the conquering Hero comes," from *Joshua*, the most civilized people of the present day, thinking of the struggle for their freedom, or surrounding their hero after a well-won battle, might take part.

Were it allowable to compare two poets of such different periods of civilization, we should call Handel the Homer of Music, but certainly not place him, as Gervinus does, with Shakspeare. It is true that, up to his fiftieth year, we find Handel devoting himself to dramatic as well as other compositions. But all his operas cannot do more than convince us very plainly that his genius had not yet found its proper sphere. While his operas have disappeared entirely from the stage, and sunk so low in the memory of the public that it is only now and then that one or other of the airs contained in them—however plainly many of them give evidence of genius—is performed as a musical rarity, his Oratorios have preserved all their freshness, and still remain the central points of the performances given by the Singing Academies of Germany and of the national musical festivals celebrated every year both in Germany and England. Lately, they have forced their way even to America, Sweden, Russia—and Paris itself. We may, therefore, assert that Handel's popularity, as a composer of Oratorios, is still on the increase, just as much as we feel certain that it will continue for all time. That which misled Gervinus into comparing Handel with Shakspeare was, probably, on the one hand, the profuse abundance of the poetical creative power, with which Handel, in the same elastic and invariably objective manner as Shakspeare, treated subjects so different as were his oratorios of *Deborah*, *Ester*, *Athalia*, *Susannah*, *Theodora*, *Semele*, *Samson*, *Solomon*, *Saul*, *Joseph*, *Judas Maccabæus*, *Joshua*, *Jephtha*, *Belshazzar*, *Hercules*, *Alexander's Feast*, *Acis and Galatea*, *The Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, etc.; and, on the other, the fact that he is the only man who in artistic genius surpassed all his English contemporaries, as, a century and a half previously, Shakspeare had surpassed his. Lastly, perhaps, Gervinus was misled by the dramatic force of expression in many of the airs, and, more especially, of the choruses of the above Oratorios, as well as the partiality evinced in an equal degree by Handel and by Shakspeare, to glorify great national deeds and heroic individuals. This partiality we have already explained in Handel by the nature of the epic poet; but the dramatic element in Handel's Oratorios never goes beyond the limits of the musical *Epos*, nay, we might almost say that even the way in which it is introduced and treated is characteristic of that entire class of production. How dramatically effective, for instance, is the chorus in *Israel*, "Das Ross und den Reiter hat er in das Meer gestürzt." The continuous heightening of the movement and feeling portrayed cause the tremendous event to become truth to our inward eye; we are actually spectators shuddering though of good courage, but spectators thanks to the power of a picture, which by its very boundlessness and freedom inflamed our fancy to the pitch of illusion. Were we to place this chorus on the

stage, it would drag; it would be heavy and undramatic from the very breadth, mode of execution, and climax, which we now admire in it. When Homer makes Achilles and Agamemnon work each other up, in the midst of the Achæans, till they begin twitching at their swords, this, too, is dramatic, but how undramatic would the respective speeches and answers of the two heroes be, if placed unaltered on the stage. Even *The Messiah*, the only really religious oratorio by Handel, is treated epically. While Bach restricts himself to the Passion, Handel shows us the Redeemer, from the announcement of his coming by St. John the Baptist, and the heralding of his birth by the Angels to the shepherds at Bethlehem, until the time of His sufferings and the Resurrection. Nevertheless, in this instance, where he undertook to treat a purely Christian subject, Handel is surpassed by Bach not simply on the whole, but even in a certain plasticity of exposition and dramatic weight of expression. This simply proves once more where the full power of each of the two great masters really lay with regard to Oratorio. We must not forget, moreover, that Handel was prevented by English notions from introducing Christ, Pilate, the Disciples, and the Jews, personally, and speaking according to the Scripture-text, by which Bach, who could venture on so doing, enjoyed a far more favourable opportunity for the development of dramatic expression, and that, too, in a sphere which was the permanent home of his soul. The central point of Handel's production was, on the contrary, the history of the struggles of the Jewish people for their freedom, intellectual and material, though in saying thus much we would not disparage the undoubtedly unique beauties of *The Messiah*. The struggles in question became for Handel heroic poems, just as the struggles of the Greeks and Trojans did for Homer. Still more evidently does Handel approach the classical *Epos* in *Hercules*, *Alexander's Feast*, *Theodora*, *Semele*, and *Acis and Galatea*. We have here to do with the classical traditions directly furnished him by the period of the Renaissance, as is shown by the titles of his operas, among which we will mention only *Daphne*, *Admetus*, *Theseus*, *Alceste*, *Alexander Severus*, *Agrippina*, *Nero*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Mucius Sævola*, *Parthenope*, *Xerxes*, *Porus*, *Titus*, *Pharamond*, *Atalanta*, and *Berenice*.

Just as in plastic art, the Renaissance merged into the tie-wig time, after Handel Oratorio sank from the height it had attained through him and his brother Dioscurus, Bach, only the process did not take place in music, as the youngest of the arts, for a century after it had taken place in architecture, sculpture, and painting.\* Handel's time (1684-1759), therefore, was called by us the Renaissance period, only as regards music, since plastic art at this epoch was beginning to lose itself in the Rococo period. In the second half of the 18th century, that is, strange to say, immediately before Mozart and Beethoven, a similar decadence set in for music, and especially for oratorio. As the leading masters of the tie-wig time in music we may mention Hæssle, called by the Italians "the divine Saxon" (born 1699, near Hamburgh; died 1783 in Dresden), and Graun (born 1701 in Saxony; died in Berlin, 1759), the favourite of Frederick the Great. The oratorios of both these masters go back again, as regards their purport and subject, to the specifically Christian *cyclos*: to the Passion, Interment, Resurrection, etc., and hence in this respect follow Bach, who, as we have seen, was the hero of Christian Oratorio, though from an artistic point of view they cannot be compared to him in the remotest degree. In the path opened up by Handel we find, on the other hand, our great Joseph Haydn,

\* Proof of this is furnished by Christopher Gluck (1714-1787), inasmuch as he became the father of the classical musical drama which sprang from the Antique, and freed Opera from the old beaten path.

who, by *The Creation* and *The Seasons*, once more enriched and extended the range of subjects for Oratorio. These works, which a light and airy style of instrumentation, together with a charming treatment of the landscape and *genre* elements in nature, invested with new and epoch-marking effect, hold the same position with regard to Handel's masterpieces that oil-paintings occupy to the pediments, filled in with marble groups, of ancient temples, or that the romance, which as a child of modern times sprang from the Epos, holds to this self-same Epos. In the present century, the high and pure style of Oratorio bore an after-crop of blossom, though only Epigonian, thanks to Bernhard Klein and Felix Mendelssohn, but they have been followed by no composer fit to be compared to them.

The comparison attempted by us of all the known composers of oratorio, numbering over 250, from the 15th century up to the present time, establishes the fact that *Germany* was always the principal country for the development and cultivation of this class of work. Next came Italy, though, as we are aware, with quite another tendency. Oratorio appears to have progressed most slowly in France, a country which, in other branches of music, could be honourably mentioned with Germany and Italy. In Germany again, we find the majority of oratorio composers in the North, that is to say, in the native-land of Protestantism. Of such composers as became known in Germany in the 17th century, two-thirds are from North Germany; while, in the 18th century, we find there even as many as four-fifths, among them being the coryphæi, Bach and Handel, from Eisenach and Halle. Even the remaining ones in South Germany belong mostly to the Protestant provinces, namely, Franconia, Suabia, Baden, and the Middle Rhine, while Bavaria and the Austriaco-German provinces appear almost entirely destitute. Haydn is, therefore, a striking and isolated exception. The oratorio-composers born in the 15th and 16th centuries were nearly all natives of Saxony and Thuringia. It is, therefore, in the centre of Germany, the cradle of Protestantism, that we perceive the cradle of Oratorio. If we recollect moreover, how evidently all our literature is a result of the deliverance of men's minds achieved by the Reformation, we shall again perceive the closely related development of poetry and music, as well as the endless importance, not merely in a specifically Christian sense, of Luther's art for our own nation and the whole civilized world.

**DEATH OF MR. GEORGES KASTNER.**—On Thursday, the 19th inst., Georges Kastner, one of our oldest and most esteemed contributors, died after an illness of two months, which, however, it had never been anticipated would terminate fatally. We cannot adequately express at the moment all the grief that his unexpected death has caused us, and which will be acutely felt by all the members of the musical world, among whom our friend occupied so distinguished a position, acquired by his scientific knowledge and by his indefatigable zeal in the cause of his art. A more able pen than the writer's will shortly chronicle the worth of Georges Kastner; we can now only express our heartfelt regret at his loss, in which all who knew him will sincerely join.—*La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

**RICHMOND.**—Miss Milly Palmer was engaged to assist some amateurs who gave a performance at the Richmond Theatre on Monday, in aid of the West India Hurricane Fund. Miss Palmer was to play in the *Rent Day* and sustain the part of old Dufard's daughter, Rose Antoinette, in the comic drama of *The First Night*.

**MR. C. G. VERRINDER**, Mus. Bac., Oxon, secretary to "The Ancient Concerts," &c., has accepted the post of Organist at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, W.

**HERR SCHACHNER** has received the commands of Her Majesty the Queen to arrange his oratorio, *Israel's return from Babylon*, for the harmonium, for Her Majesty's own use.

**CARLSRUHE.**—Schumann's *Genoveva* has been successfully revived.

**WALWORTH INSTITUTION.**—An attractive concert was given in the lecture hall of this institution by the members of the Walworth Choral Union, assisted by the Walworth Glee Union, on Tuesday evening. Mr. Gadsby conducted, and the pianist was Mr. F. W. Cozens. The first part consisted of Romberg's "Transient and Eternal," the solo parts well sustained by Misses Dix and Cozens, Messrs Runchman and Pollock. This was prefaced by Mr. Gadsby reading a literal translation of the ode from the German. The second part comprised a well arranged selection of songs, glees, and choruses. The gem was the "Gipsy Chorus," from *Preciosa*, well rendered. "A Midsummer Day's Dream," sung by Miss Dix; Lover's, "That rogue, Riley," sung by Miss Cozens; and "The Bailiff's Daughter," by Mrs. Bishop, were all encored, though the encore was accepted in the first two instances only, Miss Dix substituting a song composed by Mr. Cozens, and Miss Cozens "In the wild Mountain Valley." The best glees were Lord Mornington's, "Here, in cool grot;" Webbe's, "When winds breathe soft;" and Stevens', "Sigh no more, ladies;" all sung well. The concert terminated with Mr. Leslie's arrangement of "Rule Britannia."—W. H. P.

**MADAME DE POMPADOUR.**—Of feeble health—her visage was pale and thin, and she had expectation of blood in her youth—the charms of person which had first enslaved the king vanished in the course of three or four years, and she speedily became a mistress of mere form and ceremony. A succession of younger beauties gratified the passions of the monarch, while Madame de Pompadour had to rely for the maintenance of her ascendancy on the power of habit, which was all-engrossing over so feeble a nature, and to the inexhaustible devices which intrigue and her accomplishments in the arts of pleasure and amusement afforded her. To sustain herself on that slippery summit she had need of daily and hourly anxiety and care. The secret pangs and fears of such a life were incalculable. She was obliged to be on the watch for every change of the king's humour, to keep constant watch on all his actions, to divine all his thoughts and wishes, and to be ever on her guard against both male and female conspirators and their jealous contrivances. Envied by all the light women of the court, despised and set at naught by the ministers in the early part of her reign, hated by the whole nation, and vilified day by day in countless lampoons and pasquinades, which passed from mouth to mouth, her life was exhausted in a continual struggle to maintain her position. And the smiling sultana, the mistress of a dozen *châteaux*, the insatiable channel of the King's prodigality, would retire from public view exhausted with the efforts which her histrionic position required, to the privacy of her apartment, throw herself down on her seat before her waiting maid, and let loose a torrent of complaints on the bitterness of her destiny. Her strength failed her under the severity of the daily ordeal which was the necessity of her position; and when her life had thus been expended as a slave of royal caprice, she was, as D'Argenson says, as much forgotten by the king and all Versailles a few days after her death as though she had never existed.—PAUL MOIST.

**STYENING (Brighton).**—Mlle. Christina Martorelli's concert at the Assembly Rooms was interesting. The concert-giver (a sister of Madame Linas Martorelli-Garcia) treated her patrons to some characteristic Spanish songs and duets, which they unanimously called upon her to repeat. She was assisted by her clever sister, Mlle. Manuella Martorelli in some Spanish duets, and by Mrs. W. Devin, Miss Kate Smithers, Messrs. Broadbridge, L. Montgomery, and W. Devin, in the other parts of the programme. Mrs. Devin was encored in a song by Mr. New. Mr. Broadbridge met with the same favour from the audience in a serenade, and Mr. Montgomery in a *brindisi* by Signor Mattei. Mr. W. Devin conducted.

**MILAN.**—Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* has been performed at the Scala. It was not especially successful on the first night, but went very well at subsequent performances. M. Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta*, also, has been brought out at the same theatre and well received. It was not too carefully got up, the chorus especially displaying great want of precision, due to an insufficient number of rehearsals. The *mise-en-scène*, however, was splendid. The following was the cast of the principal characters: Signora Reboux, Giulietta; Signora Bellini, the Page; Signor Tiberini, Romeo; Signor Collini, Capuleto; Signor Spalazzi, Mercutio; and Signor Ronconi, Tebaldo. On the principle, or in conformity, rather, with the natural law promulgated in the apothegm: "It never rains but it pours," no sooner is *Romeo e Giulietta* announced at the Scala than the same title appears in the bills of the Teatro Carcano. In the latter instance, however, the composer is not M. Gounod, but Signor F. Marchetti, a young musician, who now courts public favour with his second work, which went off extremely well. Signor Marchetti was called on several times, both with the singers and alone, to receive the plaudits of the audience. The libretto written by Signor M. Marcello for Signor Marchetti is generally considered much superior to that with which MM. Barbieri and Carré have furnished M. Gounod.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.

(Communicated.)

Extraordinary efforts have this year been made to celebrate Christmas at the Crystal Palace. Although in former years the building has been decorated in an extremely gay manner, the decorations of the present Christmas may safely be said never to have been surpassed. Flags, streamers, banners, garlands, holly, laurel, shields, and baskets of flowers hung from every girder and rib, and artistically arranged amid groups of statuary, &c. The centre transept has been converted, by judicious decorations, into a room—a large one truly—but the vastness of the *locale* is forgotten in the warmth of the decorations, and in the air of comfort which prevades the building.

The great stage is now complete in every respect; and in the present pantomime, *Little Red Riding Hood*, which has been written and produced under the superintendence of Mr. Nelson Lee, every advantage has been taken of the scope thus afforded for the most brilliant effects. The great Handel Orchestra, immediately facing the stage, offers capabilities for seating large numbers of visitors, who can thence witness these effects in ease and comfort.

The great Christmas tree—nearly 100 feet high—has been erected in the north nave, and is decked gaily with every imaginable ornament. The fancy fair and bazaar—replete with Christmas presents suitable to all—is in full vigour, the entire Palace exhibiting an activity and brilliancy unusual at this season.

Besides the pantomime the *troupe* of Beni-Zoug-Zoug Arabs, who performed at the Palace in October, have been re-engaged, and have appeared twice daily in their marvellous feats of strength, activity, and daring. In order to give increased effect to this performance, a desert scene has been specially painted by Messrs. Dawson & Sons. Some clever clowns and the champion skaters complete the list of miscellaneous entertainers. However, in addition, there is an endless variety of games and sports, both in the Palace and outside.

The Palace will also be open on New Year's Day, as it is with many a favourite stroll before dinner, and in its present highly decorated form the building looks more brilliant than ever.

**CREVELD.**—Mendelssohn's *Antigone*, with full orchestra and the connecting declamation, was produced for the first time in this town at the benefit concert of Herr Alexander Dorn. The programme included, moreover, the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*; Three-Part Choruses for Female voices, by Ferdinand Hiller; and a grand Sonata for Piano, composed and executed by Herr A. Dorn.

**MR. SANTLEY** will sing Felicien David's popular romance, "Oh! gentle spirit," for the first time at Mr. Hallé's grand concert on the 28th inst., at Manchester.

**MADAME WEISS.**—We perceive that this lady has resumed her teaching and professional duties as a vocalist. One so thoroughly grounded in the art and such a favourite with all classes of the musical world, could ill be spared now-a-days, either as a singer or an instructor.

**MR. R. S. PRATTEN.**—We are glad to inform our readers that this gentleman, the eminent flute-player, is recovering from his recent illness under the successful treatment of homeopathy, and that there is every prospect of his being able to resume his professional duties in a few days.

**BEETHOVEN ROOMS.**—Mrs. J. C. Benthin gave a *soirée musicale* on Thursday evening week, which was attended by her friends and pupils. She was assisted by Miss Banks, Mesdames Emmeline Cole and Armytage Cooper, Messrs. A. Hemming, Chaplin Henry, and Stepan, vocalists, Signor Tito Mattei and Herr Oberthur, instrumentalists. The *beneficiaire* sang Sterndale Bennett's "May-dew" in which she was loudly applauded, and, with Madame Armytage Cooper, Mercadante's duet, "A per te," which received every justice. The latter lady received much applause for her interpretation of Vincent Wallace's ballad of "Sweet Spirit," and Meyerbeer's "Robert," artistically accompanied by Herr Oberthur on the harp. Miss Banks gave a new ballad by Clara Gottschalk, and was encored. Madame Emmeline Cole sang "Nobil Signor," and an Irish ballad, "O Come to Glengarriff," which delighted the audience. This young artist bids fair to become one of our most popular vocalists. Herr Stepan sang "Non à ver" with genuine effect, and Mr. Alfred Hemming in "Adelaide" and "Alice, where art thou?" created a favourable impression, as did Mr. Chaplin Henry with Herr Formes' *lied*, "In Sheltered Vale," as also "This Magic wave Scarf," "Ecco quel fiero," &c. Signor Tito Mattei played his new romance, and, by desire, his Grand Valse, which was encored. Herr Oberthur gave his harp solo, "Souvenir de Londres," with brilliant effect; and Madame Emmeline Cole, with Mr. Alfred Hemming, sang Offenbach's duet, "I'm an Alsatian." Herr Lehmeier and Mr. J. C. Benthin were the conductors.—B. B.

## THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS IN SCOTLAND.

(Abridged from the "Edinburgh Evening Courant," Dec. 24.)

Last night, Mr. Arthur Chappell, the originator and director of the Monday Popular Concerts, which have now become one of the permanent institutions of the metropolis, gave the first of a short series of concerts in the Music Hall. It might have been expected, from the admirable selection of the music, as well as the celebrity of the performers, that there would be a large attendance. \* \* \* \* The artists were Miss Cecilia Westbrook and Mr. Santley (vocalists), Madame Arabella Goddard (pianoforte), Herr Straus (violin), Mr. Zerbini, who also officiated as accompanist (viola), and Signor Piatti (violoncello). The following was the programme:—

## PART I.

Serenade Trio, in D major, Op. 8 . . . . .	Beethoven.
Song, "Swedish Winter Song" . . . . .	Mendelssohn.
Romance, "O live or let me die" . . . . .	Meyerbeer.
Abendlied, for violoncello . . . . .	Schumann.
Song, "The mighty trees bend" . . . . .	Schubert.
Song, "The Valley" . . . . .	Gounod.
"Lieder ohne Worte," Book 8 . . . . .	Mendelssohn.

## PART II.

Andante and Variations . . . . .	Mozart.
Song, "Where the bee sucks" . . . . .	Sullivan.
Songs, { "The Appeal," . . . . .	Schubert.
{ "As o'er the Alps he ranges" } . . . . .	
Trio, in G major . . . . .	Haydn.

The opening trio for violin, viola, and violoncello was played by MM. Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti. It was written in 1798, when Beethoven was in his 28th year, and is in what is technically termed his first style. He subsequently arranged it as a *notturno* for pianoforte and alto, forming his forty-second *opus*. As a composition, it is distinguished by great perspicuity and variety, and is, moreover, very melodious, the *andante*, with its variations, and the *polonaise*, being especially beautiful. As a performance, it was all that could be desired. Miss Westbrook sang the "Winterlied" very expressively; but in Schubert's song she was rather overweighted, her voice, though sweet in quality, being hardly powerful enough to do it full justice. By far the most successful of her efforts was the clever setting of "Where the bee sucks," by Arthur Sullivan. It drew down an encore too persistent to be withstood, and well deserved the compliment. \* \* \* \* Mr. Santley was greeted with a round of applause that lasted some time. Both his songs in the first part were re-demanded, but he complied in the first instance only. The two airs by Schubert met with a like reception. Instead, however, of repeating either, he gave Ardit's "Stirrup Cup," as no other vocalist of the day can. \* \* \*

One of the most interesting features of the programme was the eighth book of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, only recently published, and which Madame Arabella Goddard was the first to play in public. It consists of *andante* in E minor, *andante* in C major, *allegro vivace* in A major, *adagio* in D major, an *agitato* movement in G minor, and a *presto* in C major. Of these, to our taste, the finest were the first and the last two numbers. The penultimate one is in Mendelssohn's best manner—melodious and devotional. Of the superb style in which all were played by Madame Goddard it would be impossible to speak too highly. The beauty of her phrasing, and the firmness and elasticity of her touch, as well as the brilliancy of her faultless execution, were admirable. The *presto* was taken at a prodigious pace, but every note, even in the most rapid passages, fell clear and articulate on the ear. Signor Piatti's solo had no fault but its brevity. He was recalled, and played, in answer, something by Bach without accompaniment. He is \* \* \* the greatest living violoncellist. The *andante* and variations from Mozart's sonata in F was beautifully rendered by Madame Goddard and Herr Straus. Each is worthy of the other; and they fairly divided the applause which followed the conclusion of this graceful work. The trio by Haydn, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, proved a great treat. The two movements were in fine contrast—the first smooth, clear, and graceful; the latter full of sparkle and vivacity. How well it was played by Madame Goddard, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti, may easily be imagined. The concert was of the highest excellence, and must have been thoroughly enjoyed by all present. For the credit of our city, where the opportunity of hearing such artists does not too frequently occur, it is to be hoped that the next will be crowded.



### The Fibre Hundredth Concert.

The concert given last night in presence of an enormous audience was rendered further interesting by the reproduction, after a considerable interval, of Mr. Costa's *Naaman*—his second and best effort in the highest branch of musical composition. Into the history of this admirable composition—a composition which records not only the author's intimate familiarity with Handel and Mendelssohn, which is as much as to say with the masterpieces of the last and the present century—we have more than once entered in detail, and it is enough to say that repeated hearings of the oratorio only tend to confirm the very favourable impression derived from its earliest performance at the Birmingham Festival of 1864, when it was given under the direction of its composer, with the most brilliant success achieved by any work of its kind since the *Elijah* of Mendelssohn. That the performance on the occasion under notice was one of uniform excellence will be readily understood when it is stated that Mr. Costa, who was precluded by indisposition from directing the concert held by the Sacred Harmonic Society a fortnight since, once more resumed the conductor's stick, in the use of which he is unrivalled. Perhaps the choruses of *Naaman*—from the picturesque introduction describing the translation of *Elijah* and the succession of *Elisha*, to the grand fugue, "Hallelujah," which terminates the hymn of praise sung by the people in glorification of the miraculous cure of the leprosy hero—were never sung with greater precision or with a closer observation of those delicate gradations which impart the necessary colouring to a musical performance of this particular kind. The principal solo singers were not less happy. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington took the soprano part of *Adah*, composed for, and originally sung by Mdlle. Adelina Patti; Mdlle. Drasdil, a contralto (with a highly capable voice) who is rapidly advancing in public estimation, sang the music first allotted to Madame Sinton-Dolby; Mr. Cummings, in the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves, was principal tenor, and Mr. Montem Smith second; the inferior soprano was Mdlle. Ruderodoff; the bass—there is but one—Mr. Santley, both of whom were included in the original distribution at the great festival to which reference has been made. How those well-known artists acquitted themselves it is hardly necessary to say. All, however, sang their very best, and thus contributed an important share to one of the very finest oratorio performances we can remember. Three pieces were asked for again with such unanimity that the singers could not, with respect to the audience, do otherwise than comply. These were the touching and melodious air, "Lament not thus," sung in all perfection by Mr. Santley; the air of the youth miraculously restored to life by *Elisha* ("I dreamt I was in Heaven"), to which Mdlle. Drasdil imparted even more than the necessary expression; and the quartet, "Honour and glory, Almighty, be Thine," one of the most stirring and effective *morceaux d'ensemble* for voices that modern art can show. The last-named piece, delivered with wonderful spirit by Madame Sherrington, Mdlle. Drasdil, Messrs. Cummings and Santley, roused the audience to a genuine display of enthusiasm. At the end of the oratorio, after a splendid delivery of the jubilant final chorus (interspersed with solos), "Great God of gods," Mr. Costa for the second time in the evening (his reception on entering the orchestra having been of the warmest) was honoured by a tribute of applause as hearty and general as it was amply merited.

No more significant token of the esteem and respect in which Mr. Costa is held by the great society, the interests of which he has done so much now for nearly twenty years (he was appointed conductor in 1848) to promote, could have been offered than this performance of his best oratorio on the occasion of their 500th concert.—*Morning Post*, Dec. 14.

### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I have received a letter, of which the enclosed is a copy; and having satisfied myself of the correctness of Mr. May's statements, I think I cannot better serve the sufferer than by calling your attention to it.—I am, &c.,

MARK LEMON.

Punch Office, 27, Bouverie Street, Dec. 17.

Dear Sir,—Mr. — has advised me to write to you, explaining my great loss at Her Majesty's Theatre, by which the labour of my life was at once destroyed. The entire dresses for thirty-four operas—principals, chorus, ballet, and band, extra supernumeraries—all gone; nearly 20,000 complete dresses, 200 suits of armour, swords, helmets, boots, shoes, sandals, to the extent of nearly 10,000*l*. Now this is not known to the public—in fact not even to the press. If you could ventilate my misfortune I shall be obliged. If I cannot replace my property, I may hope for the sympathy of the public. I strove to insure it, not being allowed to remove my property during the season, but the 30*l*. per 1,000*l*. would have swallowed up my profit; as it is I not only lose my wardrobe, but

my income of some 40*l*. per week, for I shall not have it in my power to retain the contract.—Hoping you will excuse my thrusting my affairs on your notice, believe me your humble servant,  
S. MAY.  
35, Bow Street.

SIR,—Another change—saddest change of all—has, within a few days, come over the fortunes of Her Majesty's Theatre. The destruction by fire of that magnificent temple of the Muses has evoked one universal feeling of sympathy and regret throughout the land. No theatre was ever more closely associated with all that is great and glorious in the history of the musical drama and the choreographic art. Here was heard, and *filed*, and made an idol of, every renowned interpreter of song since the earliest days of the Italian opera, from Banti to Tietjens—from Pachierotti to Mario. Here Catalani displayed the magic of her voice, and Pasta declaimed with Siddonian grandeur. Here Taglioni—most brilliant and most fascinating of Terpsichore's daughters—enthralled all eyes with her poetic enchantment. Here, too, Rachel—dark-browed Queen of Tragedy—spoke in words of fire, and filled all hearts with the wonders of her genius; and, last not least—here Malibran, the greatest singer the world has seen, found the cradle of her fame. The loss of such a theatre, irrespective of all associations, is deplorable, but not, it is to be hoped irretrievable. "Let us trust," with a contemporary, "that purposes of utility and a meagre spirit of commerce may not interfere with exalted notions of art. Not to replace Her Majesty's Theatre on its old situation would be a disgrace to the country which professes so profound a veneration for established institutions."

I perceive by the advertisements in the leading journals, that there are good grounds for entertaining a hope that Her Majesty's Theatre will be rebuilt on its former site—a piece of information which cannot fail to afford the highest gratification to the lovers of Italian opera in general and the friends of the "old house" in particular.

DILETTANTE.

### TO DR. A. S. SILENT.

SIR,—The Tonic Sol-Fa method of teaching singing is a modification and improvement of a system originated some fifty years since by Miss Glover, of Norwich, and consists in the use of the initial letters of the ordinary sol-fa syllables, in lieu of the usual musical notation, with some few modifications and interpolations to render them clearer and more comprehensive. The indications of time and other necessary directions are expressed by very simple signs, all which occupy much less space than the ordinary musical characters, so that a very few pages printed on this system will contain music of much greater length than in the old musical notation. There is no distinction of key, all pieces being sung as if written in the same key; the pitch being varied as required according to the direction given at the commencement of the composition. Of course such a system is chiefly applicable to vocal music, singers not being necessarily conscious of the difference of key; and the method is available rather for the instruction of numbers than of individual solo singers. It is more than twenty years since Mr. Curwen began to devote his attention to the system originated by Miss Glover, which he has gradually improved and promoted in its application until it has now become most extensively used by schools and congregations in almost all parts of the kingdom, including Scotland. The system has even its own special advocate, in the *Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter*, a small journal published thrice a month with records of proceedings, and music printed in the characters of the system.—Yours respectfully,

GROKER ROORES.

[All right. Nothing was ever said in these columns to the contrary, or will be said, should occasion not offer. Mr. Roores need not tremble.—A. S. S.]

### TO DR. SILENT.

DEAR SILENT,—After leaving you last night, it struck me that I misunderstood a question you proposed, touching old melody. If you asked about *Tartuffe*, the overture is that to *Blaise et Babet*, by one Dejedes; the *entr'actes* are by Correlli. I don't know whether the selection was made in Paris or London.—Yours faithfully,  
T. R. Adelphi, Thursday Night. J. W. THIRLWALL.

### TO ABRAHAM SADOKE SILENT, Esq.

SIR,—I send you this day the brochure on Wagner by that remarkable poet, Dandelaire; read it, and after doing so tell me if you are not ashamed of your Philistinism in attacking Wagner in the manner you did. Submit the matter to Arnold. Will you write an article on Wagner's system, and make some reparation for your abuse.—Yours obediently,

JONATHAN B. SIDE (M.D.).

[Dr. Side seems to labour under some misapprehension, or side-wind.—A. S. S.]

### Shuber Silber on Offenbach-Sullivan-Scribe-Burnand.

The conversion of St. George's Hall into an opera-house will not quite compensate us for the burning down of Her Majesty's Theatre. But the new little theatre may serve a useful purpose; and it is, in any case, the only one now existing which offers English composers such hospitality as happens to be within its means. The company at St. George's Hall consists of a soprano (Miss Arabella Smyth), a contralto (Miss Lucy Franklin), a tenor (Mr. Edgar Hargreave), and a baritone or bass (Mr. Aynley Cook), neither gentlemen, we presume, possessing the right of being indisposed. There is a sufficiently numerous chorus, there is a fair orchestra, and—tell it not in Clapham!—there is even a *corps de ballet*. St. George's Opera-house, then, is not a mere copy of the Gallery of Illustration. It is something like an opera-house; and native composers who wish to try their hands at dramatic writing, and who are not too proud to confine their genius within the limits of an operetta, have now a chance. The bill of the first night was made up of two little pieces by Offenbach and an operetta in two acts by the authors of the immortal *Cox and Box*. *Puss in Petticoats*, the opening piece, is an English version of M. Offenbach's operatic arrangement of the ingenious little *vaudeville* entitled, *La Chatte Métamorphosée en Femme*. The piece is founded on, or rather has been suggested by, the old fable of the girl who had once been a cat, and who becomes a cat again as soon as she sees a mouse. The idea might well be treated in a comedy or a drama. Those who have read Liszt's curious literary fantasy, *De la Musique des Bohémiens*, &c., will remember how the gipsy servant, whom he thought he had civilized (by dressing him in a black coat), ran away from him on hearing the songs of his tribe—ran after his mouse, in fact—and, joining his old companions, resumed the savage life of his infancy. The only gipsy woman who, according to Mr. Borrow, ever became civilized used, I have heard, in her uncivilized moments, to run about the streets of Moscow (to the annoyance of the Count her husband) without shoes or stockings; she, also, had seen her mouse. Dumas the younger has studied this sort of metamorphosis in his *Affaire Clémenceau*, in which the vicious cat of the story shows herself a vicious cat whenever her true nature is appealed to.

M. Scribe in his *Chatte Métamorphosée en Femme*, has not thought of treating the subject philosophically. The hero of his piece is a student who, having read those incomprehensible works, *Faust* and *Werther*, becomes partially insane, falls in love with his cat, and wonders whether he shall ever see her in human form. Why a man or boy should, as the result of reading *Werther*, fall in love with his cat is a much greater mystery than any that is to be found in the first or even in the second part of *Faust*. Perhaps it was not the simple story of *Werther* and Charlotte, but the incident in *Faust* of the poodle who turns into Mephistopheles, that first gave M. Scribe's student the notion of the convertibility of cats into women. If a black poodle produces Mephistopheles, what ought a white Angora cat to produce? That, no doubt, was the problem with which the student had been racking his brain. Only M. Scribe should have said so.

The cat in the operetta, like a few other cats in France, is known as "Minette" (at the St. George's Opera-house they call her "Minnit," and "Madamazel Minnit," which is painful to the ear), and she continues to bear this caress-inviting name after her metamorphosis into a woman. The actress who plays the part ought to be very fair, very graceful, and to have as much as possible of the soft confiding manner of the true Angora. Mdlle. Nilsson would look it to perfection, and could do all that is required in it except the scratching. The representative of Minette at the St. George's Hall gives too much prominence to the sharp side of the character, and seems to forget that Minette was not the ordinary cat—the "harmless necessary cat" of our English hearths and homes—but an Angora of the noblest breed. At the end of the piece, when the student has discovered that the Minette in human form is his cousin, who has behaved to him in a cat-like manner (and, let me add, with a marked exaggeration of the bad points in the feline character), in order to cure him of his passion for the quadrupedal Minette, then a real unimpeachable white Angora of marvellous beauty is exhibited as the identical being that first turned the young man's head. Instead of yelling at the music, as a dog would do, the well-bred, calm, collected Angora preserves a decorous silence, and gracefully beats time with her long sweeping tail. This charming member of the new opera company, who the other night made her first appearance on any stage, should have been called for on the fall of the curtain. Perhaps, however, the audience were thinking of the old nursery rhyme:—"The dog will come when he is called, the cat will run away."

How pleased M. Offenbach must have been to write a part for a cat! In *Barkouf*, of unhappy memory, he had already written a part for a dog; and as in *Barkouf* the dog barked, so there is a trio in *La Chatte*, in which the cat, or cat-girl, mews. Fancy a so-called musical piece with a refrain of "Miaou, miaou, miaou!"

*Puss in Petticoats* is followed by Mr. Sullivan's new operetta, *The*

*Contrabandista*, for which Mr. F. C. Burnand has supplied the libretto. And a capital libretto it is. The main idea is very humorous. The story is simple, and so intelligible that it might be told in pantomime. The verse scattered through it is lively, rhythmical, and well adapted for musical setting. What more could a composer of opera buffa want? Mr. Sullivan, to judge from the result of his work, must have been quite satisfied. His score contains two graceful airs of a sentimental cast, a comic air, which is simply a masterpiece, some clever concerted music, some spirited dance music, appropriately Spanish in character, and two animated well worked-up *finales*. The piece is, we are told, founded on a farce by Messrs. Burnand and Montague Williams. This farce I have had the disadvantage (perhaps on this occasion it was an advantage) of not seeing. It consists of the history of a photographer who, travelling in Spain, falls among thieves—otherwise *ladrones*—and is appointed to the vacant post of chief, being at the same time required to marry the widow of his deceased predecessor in command. The photographer is a Mr. Grigg; and Grigg, coming down from the mountains, sings, like the celebrated "vacuus viator," in presence of the thieves. And a wonderful song he sings; his theme being the pleasures of home, the delights of domesticity, and the happiness that he will enjoy when he gets back to England and finds himself once more in the congenial society of "his spouse, his cows, and his sows." The thieves, who unperceived have listened to him and watched him, at last come forward and seize him while his head is buried beneath the curtain of his camera. Then what I have already indicated takes place. Grigg—represented to perfection by Mr. Shaw, who makes of him a living caricature in the style of Leech—has to marry the late captain's widow (Miss Franklin) and to assume the leadership of the band. Moreover, his betrothed, who is a woman of spirit, requires him to murder the lieutenant, after which it has been arranged that the sub-lieutenant (we are not quite sure about the grades) shall kill him. From these difficulties and dangers Grigg and the lieutenant escape by bringing the Queen's troops down upon the robbers, who are pardoned on condition of enlisting.

Without going further into details, let me briefly say that the music of the piece is charming, and that the dialogue is full of humour. Grigg, by the way, ought not, when in peril of his life, to make a pun (which we fancy we must have heard before) on *crown* the top of a hat, and *crown* the emblem of royalty. Here Mr. Burnand must allow us to say that he runs after his pun as the interesting Minette in the previous piece runs after her mouse. If I were marking Mr. Burnand's points for him, I should put this one against him. Further on, however, occurs as good a joke, in the form of an *equivoque*, as was ever heard. "I will go and alarm the soldiers," says the lieutenant. To which after a moment's reflection, poor Grigg replies, "But don't alarm them too much, or they won't come."

MR. GASKIN'S COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT.—Last evening Mr. Gaskin's complimentary concert came off in the Round Room of the Rotundo, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The orchestra was covered with crimson cloth and adorned by statues, evergreens, and flowering plants, and above the place set apart for the vocalists the words, "A Happy Christmas to you All," were printed in large variegated letters. The audience in the reserved seats was numerous and distinguished, and the balconies and promenade were well attended. The concert opened with the chorus from the *Messiah*, "For unto us," which was given with much care, evenness, and precision. "The Christmas Carol," by Brinley Richards, went off extremely well. A sacred song, composed by a young lady expressly for this concert, "All things bright and fair are Thine," possesses high merit, and was rendered gracefully. Selections from Barnett's music of *The Ancient Mariner* were performed in a manner which showed the care bestowed by Mr. Gaskin on his pupils. The harp solo, with which the third part of the concert opened, introduced Mr. Frederick Chatterton in "The Nymphs' Revel." In selections from *La Figlia* he was loudly and frequently applauded. A witty address was delivered by our facetious friend "Scribble," in which he displayed his characteristic humour. The "squib," which admirably let off the foibles and fancies of the hour, was much relished and proved highly acceptable. Passing over some excellent vocal performances, we must, in justice, allude to the exquisite taste and execution of the fair possessor of the charming soprano who gave the ballad "When 'mid festive scenes we met." She sang it so well that she had to repeat it. Mr. Fletcher Baker, in a recitative and *aria* from *Sonnambula*, and in Mr. Gaskin's song of "Unchanged is my heart," fully sustained the high reputation which he enjoys. The gem of the concert was Wellington Guernsey's Irish ballad, "Oh, come to Glengariff." It is full of native melody and natural feeling, and in our opinion is one of the very best songs of the season.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*, Dec. 23.

BUCHAREST.—Signora Angelica Moro has been well received in *La Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, *Linda*, and *Il Barbiere*.



## FROM SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

DUSSELDORF.—At the farewell-concert given by Mr. De Smert our first violoncello Signor Marchesi and Mlle. Schmitz (pupil of Mme. Marchesi) were the singers engaged. Signor on being encored in a *Lieder* of Schubert gave the "Largo al factotum" which met with a frenetic enthusiasm on the part of the public. Mlle. Schmitz possessing a first rate soprano and a capital method was immensely applauded on delivering an air of Hayden and the duet from the *Barbiere* with the Signor.

CASSEL.—At our last Philharmonic Concert we had as soloists Professor Marchesi from Cologne, and the Concertmeister Jakobsohn from Bremen. Both artists were highly successful, the first being obliged to sing *dacapo* the aria from the *Barbiere*, and the second one being encored in the *Elegie* of Ernst.

COLOGNE.—Our last Gürzenich-Concert taking place on Beethoven's birthday was exclusively dedicated to works of the immortal composer. Two eminent artists were engaged on the occasion, Mme. Schuman as a pianiste and Stockhausen as a singer. The program included the overture of "Leonore (No. 3.)" the concerto for piano and orchestra in *G: natur:* different "Lieder, the "élégie" for corus and String-quartet, the "fantasia" for piano, orchestra, solos, and corus, and the "Pastorale" Symphony. The execution with respect to the solos as well as to the ensemble was a capital one.

MEININGEN.—The Chamber Singer of Saxe-Weimar Signor Marchesi was engaged at our last historical Concert, and as usually gave us the opportunity of making the acquaintance with the beautiful gems of the old Italian masters, an air of "Arcangelo del Leuto" (1645) and an air of *Carissimi* 1655). as third number Signor Marchesi gave an air of Mozart, which was vociferously encored. On the following evening there was a Concert at Court when as usually Signor Marchesi alone filled the programme.

LEIPZIG.—At our last Gewandhaus Concert Mme. Bürde-Ney, once well known in London, gave us once more the dull example of a celebrity insisting on singing in public until she meets with some disagreeable demonstrations on the part of the public. Happily Herr Taussig, one of the most eminent pianists of the day compensated us on the occasion with his wonderful playing. The Symphony No. 3. of Rietz and the overture to "Genoveva" of Schumann were the two instrumental pieces of the programme on the occasion, which were capitally performed by the celebrated orchestra under Reinecke's direction.

S. S. BALDASSARE.

ALTRINCHAM.—The Literary Institution have given their eleventh entertainment for this season. The attendance was very large, owing to the attraction of the Manchester Glee and Madrigal Union. The programme was varied and attractive. The audience were evidently delighted with all they heard, and insisted on many of the pieces being repeated. Mr. R. Andrews' new song, "The Welcome Home," was given by Mr. Blair in excellent style, and Miss M. G. Cooper deserves the same encomium for the various pieces she sang. Mr. Andrews and Mr. Banning were conductors. The National Anthem was sung at the conclusion of the concert.

NEW STANDARD THEATRE.—We noticed last week the *début* of Miss Rose Hersee in the *Sonnambula*. The favourable impression she then made was increased on her second performance, when the young and clever vocalist had overcome the timidity natural to a first appearance. Miss Hersee was obliged to repeat two pieces, and was called, with Mr. George Perren, before the curtain, at the conclusion, with warm applause. On Friday evening the *Trovatore* was given with Madame Rudersdorf as Azucena, and Mr. Wilford Morgan as Manrico. It was Mr. Morgan's first appearance on the stage since his return from Italy, and the reception he met with will no doubt urge him on to study hard for the lyric drama. The favourite songs obtained the usual applause, and Mr. Morgan was compelled to repeat "Ah che la morte," and recalled after "Ah si ben mio." Mr. Douglas may be congratulated on the successful opening of his new and handsome theatre.

ETON COLLEGE CHOIR.—The long-united choirs of St. George's Chapel are about to separate. An arrangement has been effected between the two Chapters, by which the present members of the choir are to receive £36 annually, in lieu of their salaries at Eton College. A choir for Eton College will *pro tempore* attend the chapel from the amateur choir of Trinity Church, Windsor. Meanwhile, the Rev. Mr. Hayne will organize a new choir entirely for the service of the college. The present choir had the honour of a farewell dinner at the Provost's.—*Windsor and Eton Express*.

CROYDON.—Mr. George Russell's concert in the Public Hall was eminently and deservedly successful. Mr. Russell had provided a programme rich in good music and artists in every way capable of doing justice to it. When we mention as instrumentalists Messrs. Carrodus and Zerbini (violin), Mr. Hann (tenor), and M. Paque (violoncello), with Miss Banks, Miss Julia Elton, and Mr. Wilford Morgan as vocalists, our readers will at once be of our opinion. Mozart's Quartet in G minor, Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (the *andante* and *rondo* movements), splendidly executed by Mr. Carrodus; the new book of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, played by Mr. Russell in that thoroughly musicianly style for which he is noted; and a string quartet composed by Mr. Russell, a thoughtful, cleverly written, and original work, were the instrumental pieces of importance. The vocal pieces consisted of a new sacred song by Mr. Russell, "He hath remembered His mercy," sung by Mr. Wilford Morgan; Signor Randegger's "Peacefully Slumber" (violoncello, M. Paque), sung by Miss Banks; Mr. Wrighton's ballad, "Bright Star of Eve," entrusted to Miss Julia Elton; and Mr. Wilford Morgan's setting of "Trust her not," sung by the composer. These were among the most attractive pieces in the programme. Mr. Russell also played Schulhoff's "Bohemian Airs," in brilliant style, and the concert concluded with the trio, "Vadasi, via di qua."

HASTINGS.—Miss Florence Braye's concert at the Music Hall, attracted a full audience. The concert began with one of Beethoven's sonatas, for piano and violin, admirably played by Miss Braye and M. Sainton, and listened to with marked attention. The *Hastings Chronicle* says:—"Ascher's arrangement of the 'Chant des Naidés' showed Miss Braye's brilliancy of execution to the greatest advantage. 'Adelaide,' that sweetest of love songs, was sung by Mr. Hemming, with an expression which none but artists can give. We cannot speak in too high terms of this rising young tenor, or of the fair accompanist, Miss Braye. In Mozart's sonata Miss Braye showed herself quite equal to her task. Finally she gave 'Home, sweet Home,' with a feeling that must have brought it home to every English heart." The singers, besides Mr. Hemming, were Madame Sainton-Dolby and Miss Banks. Mr. Sullivan's graceful "Will he come?" was so finely given by Madame Sainton that she was compelled to repeat it; and Miss Banks charmed the audience by her voice and artistic style of singing. Mr. Hemming, in Signor Guglielmo's new song, "The Three Homes" was warmly and deservedly applauded. M. Sainton, in one of Beethoven's Romances for Violin (in F) and his own "Fantasia on Scotch Airs" delighted every one, while Herr Lehmeier was an efficient accompanist. The concert was eminently successful.

LIVERPOOL.—(From a Correspondent.)—The Societa Armonica has given a performance of the *Messiah* at the Institute in Mount Street, in aid of the funds of the Dental Hospital, and, judging from the large attendance, the charity seems likely to reap substantial benefit. Mr. Armstrong, the conductor of the society, deserves praise for the efficiency of his choir. The principal singers were the Misses Armstrong (soprano and contralto), Mr. Foulkes (tenor), and Mr. Hughes (bass). The ladies got through their tasks in a praiseworthy manner, and when they have acquired confidence will do even greater justice to their talents. Both the tenor and bass, the latter evidently labouring under a cold, were efficient. The choir—an occasional uncertainty of intonation excepted—may be commended, and the band as well, especially for their performance of the "Pastoral Symphony." The organ, skilfully handled by Mr. Borst, was sadly out of tune.—Lord Byron's *Manfred*, modified by the pen of Mr. Calvert, has been produced at the Alexander Theatre with decided success. The scenery throughout is marked by that liberality which has characterized Mr. Byron's management. Mr. Calvert has already shown intelligence and taste in his production of the *Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* at Manchester, and Mr. Byron has done well in making a similar experiment here. The part of the gloomy misanthrope is played by Mr. Calvert, who has been highly eulogised by the local press. Miss Dyas is spoken of as an intelligent elocutionist, and her recitation of the verses was extremely effective. The musical arrangements were complete. Madame Emma Heywood, especially engaged for the occasion, sustained the part of Atropos, and gave the several solos admirably. It is a pleasure to record the fact that in the provinces the poetic drama meets with appreciation.

EDINBURGH.—Last night was for the benefit of Miss Louisa Pyne, and one of the pieces she selected was *Poor as a Rat*, the libretto by Mr. T. Knight Summers, the music by Herr Kloss. The *dramatis personæ* are limited to three—Mr. Vaughan (Mr. Connell), Reginald Vaughan, his son (Mr. Whiffin), and Catherine, his niece (Miss Louisa Pyne). Of the manner in which Miss Louisa Pyne personated the heroine, there can be but one opinion. Her acting was natural and piquant, and her singing irreproachable. Mr. Whiffin, too, acquitted himself well, both vocally and dramatically, and Mr. Connell made a very good old father. The house was well filled, and the performance was greeted with hearty applause.—*Scotsman*, Dec. 25.



## GOUNOD'S "IRENE" ("REINE DE SABA").

With the story of this opera are interwoven certain legends and traditions of freemasonry. The hero, Muriel, a mysterious personage from the far east, is supposed to be the descendant of the founder of the order, and the depository of its secrets. The action of the piece, moreover, takes place at a time when freemasons—although a secret association—really were skilled artisans, and travelled throughout the civilized world, building and founding churches, palaces, and monuments—such as are, to this day, wonders of architecture.

The opera opens with a fact of this nature. A host of these wandering architects, under their chief, Muriel, are engaged at Istantoul, in the re-edification of the Grand Mosque, by the orders of the Sultan Suliman. Muriel is shown to us in his character of a visionary—sombre and mysterious—delighting to recall the old legends of his race and calling. Upon his reverie break in visitors: first, a youth of his band, Pascal, who is devoted to him, and who brings glowing tidings of the advent of a certain beautiful Greek princess. She is vassal to the Sultan, and yearly comes to pay him homage; but, overcome by her loveliness, Suliman (it was said) was about to make her his bride. To this intelligence Muriel pays little heed; and presently his solitude is again interrupted by the arrival of three contumelious workmen, who demand of the master to be advanced in their masonic rank. He tells them that they are unworthy, and retires haughtily; whereupon the workmen—Zorast, Raffael, and Phanoah, to wit—become conspirators, and vow revenge. This scene has taken place in the *atelier*, or workshop of Muriel. The next exhibits the unfinished mosque, and a perspective of Istantoul *en fête*—for the fair Greek, accompanied by Suliman and his court, is coming to see the wonderful results accomplished by Muriel and his men. The rest of the first act is devoted to a description of this visit—of the glory of Suliman—the mysterious power of Muriel as displayed in a freemasonry scene with the multitude—and the fascination, which rapidly ripens into love, reciprocally exerted by Muriel and Irene over the other.

The second act gives us a grandly gloomy scene, in which Muriel and his followers are preparing, in a huge furnace, the metal for a great casting. Suliman and his Greek princess are to be amongst the spectators; and this opportunity has been taken by the conspirators either to affect the death of Muriel, or, at all events, cause his utter disgrace. They have weakened the mould into which the fiery stream is to flow; and, accordingly, a terrible catastrophe results. The lava sea overwhelms the plain, sweeping everything before it, and a rain of fire threatens Sultan, princess, and all with death. Muriel, however, saves Irene; and on the ruin of his work the act-draw descends.

In the third act we are transported to the Vale of Sweet Waters, on the pleasant shores of which, near the palace of the Sultan, the handmaids of Irene and a train of girls from the palace are gossiping daily about the royal marriage then afoot. The gossip ends, with a dance, and then Irene wanders on, *distracted*, and asks the light-hearted girls to leave her alone. This brings in her grand air, in which she avows her love for the mysterious stranger. Subsequently, Muriel, also gloomy and sad, enters, and a *duo* ensues, in which, although he knows that her love is fraught with death to him, he yet tells her how he worships and adores her. Presently Pascal, followed by a number of Muriel's devoted people, enters with the astounding intelligence that the casting, instead of being a failure, has, through some almost miraculous interposition, turned out successful; and that all Istantoul resounds with the fame of the great master. On this follows a *septuor-finale* with chorus, in which the mercy of Heaven is acknowledged, and its aid invoked in the hour of peril.

The scene of the fourth act is laid in a gorgeous banquetting-hall of the Sultan's palace; and the curtain rises on a gay assemblage of courtiers, odalisques, &c., who sing and dance a measure to the praise of the Sultan and his bride Irene. Things are not going so smoothly, however, with Suliman, who now appears dejectedly, orders his guests to leave him, and describes the perfidious conduct of his Greek maid in a *scena*—conduct for which he is at a loss to account. Sounds of a triumphal march now arrest his attention, and Muriel enters, attended by an admiring populace. The Sultan, with regal magnanimity, receives him graciously, and decrees him royal honours. Muriel, however, brooding under the double misfortune of secret foes and a king for a rival, rejects this ovation, and tells the Sultan he is going to his own country. Suliman gets angry with Muriel for his stubborn refusal of his patronage, and threatens him. Muriel retorts that with one wave of his hand he could destroy Istantoul. This situation gives rise to a highly dramatic chorus, after which Muriel retires, and the populace disperses. Irene then enters—resolved to regain the ring of betrothal from Suliman. This she does by lulling Suliman to sleep, like Delilah of old, with forbidden wine; the while the guests without sing the greatness and infallibility of their monarch, the Sultan Suliman. This concludes the act.

Act fifth shows us a woodland glade—gloomy with a passing storm. Thither Muriel wanders in the hope of seeing Irene, and, awaiting her coming, sings of his mingled hopes and fears, his joy and sorrow. Footsteps are heard, but it is not Irene. The three conspirators have determined on his death, and after having again fruitlessly demanded the secrets of his Order, they fall on him, kill him, and flee. At this moment Irene appears only to find her lover dead. Her companions and Muriel's workmen now enter and Irene sings a

passionate *éloge* of the Master, now no more. As she sings, a strange, mysterious light is revealed—the dark trees—the sombre clouds grow impalpable—and the scene changes to the Realm of the Spirits of Fire, who are supposed to be the tutelar deities of Muriel. His apotheosis then follows—by which he is again animated by a life immortal; and amid the triumphant chorus of the Spirits of Fire the curtain descends. AMPHIMACER MOLOSSUS.

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The usual Christmas performance of the *Messiah* took place on Tuesday night, being the thirty-sixth year of its performance at the same season. The performance was in most respects a fine one. The soprano solos were given by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington with much refinement and vocal finish—the air, "Rejoice greatly," being a striking example of florid execution, and the solemn "I know that my Redeemer," a specimen of earnest expression. Madame Sainton-Dolby, still under the influence of indisposition, gave with much feeling the airs, "But who may abide," "O Thou that tellest," "He shall feed His flock," and "He was despised." Mr. G. Perren's best efforts were in the air, "Behold and see," and the declamatory song, "Thou shalt break them." Signor Foli sang in a most impressive manner, and with vocal refinement rarely combined by bass singers. In the song, "Why do the nations," and the air, "The trumpet shall sound" (Mr. T. Harper trumpet *obbligato*). The choruses, especially the well-known "For unto us," and "Hallelujah," created the usual profound impression. The performance of the *Messiah* is to be repeated by the Sacred Harmonic Society on Friday next.

MADAME VOLTINI has quitted Paris for St. Petersburg, where she is engaged for the forthcoming season of the Grand Opera.

MR. CHARLES KEAN.—It gives us much pleasure to announce that this eminent actor is so far advanced towards convalescence as to lead to the hope that he will be able to resume his professional duties in the Spring.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—The Christmas performance of Handel's *Messiah*, on Tuesday evening, may be justly estimated as one of the most satisfactory hitherto afforded by the National Choral Society. The hall was quite full, presenting unmistakable evidence of the great interest felt by the public in this Christmas performance. The principal vocalists were Miss Banks and Miss Palmer, Mr. Leigh Wilson and Mr. Santley. Mr. G. W. Martin officiated as conductor, Mr. John G. Boardman presiding at the organ. The overture was taken in excellent time, and Mr. Martin's ideas with regard to the different *tempi* were scrupulously correct throughout. In the accompanied recitative, "Comfort ye," and the succeeding *aria*, "Every valley," we noticed a marked improvement in Mr. Leigh Wilson's style of singing. Both were sung most creditably by the young tenor, as indeed was all the music, if we except an unnecessary simplification of the last phrase of the recitative. The grand chorus immediately following, with its noble *canto fermo*, was given with the utmost steadiness and precision by the chorus. "For unto us a Child is born" met with a well-deserved and enthusiastic encore from the entire auditory. We are happy in thus awarding a just tribute to the excellence with which the choral portions of the oratorios were rendered on Tuesday evening. It was gratifying, also, to observe the hearty co-operation so universally manifested in the performance of the sublime and massive choruses between the instrumental and vocal masses. Mr. Santley sang the *aria*, "But who may abide," with unsurpassed artistic feeling and just appreciation of the grand peculiarities of the composer. He sang equally well the great song, "Why do the nations," and enchanted the audience by his splendid singing. Miss Palmer sang the *aria*, "O Thou that tellest," exceedingly well, as she did also the pathetic air, "He was despised." Miss Banks was the soprano. The opening recitative, "There were shepherds," was prophetic of the manner in which all the rest of the music was performed. Great effect was imparted to the succeeding recitative at the words, "and they were sore afraid," produced a great effect on the audience. The joyous *aria*, "Rejoice greatly," was sung by Miss Banks with much purity of tone and no lack of expression. Her song, "He shall feed His flock," and the *aria*, "How beautiful are the feet," produced the most happy effect. Her remaining solos, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" and "If God be for us," were, perhaps, Miss Banks's best efforts. It will suffice to say, the orchestral accompaniments were given with more than average precision and force. The use of the organ in the various choruses added much to the *tout ensemble*. Thus terminated the most successful performance of the *Messiah* ever given by the National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin.—BASHI BAZOOK.

**WIGAN.**—A concert in aid of the Infirmary funds, and the most successful that ever took place in Wigan, came off in the Public Hall on Tuesday evening. It was given under the most distinguished patronage by the officials of the Wigan Coal and Iron Company, assisted by professionals and a few friends. The officials sang effectively four choruses, assisted by a quartet of brass instruments, accompanied by Mr. Smith, organist of St. George's Church. Mr. George Ellis conducted. Mrs. Skeaf and Miss Monkhouse, with Messrs. Foulkes and Hughes, were the solo vocalists. Mr. McGowan played two solos on the flute, Mr. Peck De Beriot's seventh air on the violin, and Osborne and De Beriot's *duo concertante* with Miss Roper, for violin and pianoforte, most brilliantly. The latter young lady gave on the pianoforte Liszt's arrangement of *Preciosa*, Thalberg's "Last Rose," and, by particular desire, Vincent Wallace's brilliant and effective *bravura* galop, "The Czar," her execution of which caused the most enthusiastic applause; this popular effusion played by Miss Kuper was received by the crowded assembly with great favour. A very handsome sum will be handed to the treasurer of the Infirmary fund.—B. B.

**MR. W. BOLLEN HARRISON'S CONCERT.**—This professor of the pianoforte gave an evening concert in the new hall recently built on the site of the Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen Street. Mr. Harrison performed the *Adagio* in C from Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 29; Tito Mattei's popular grand waltz; with Mlle. Marie Corneille, a duet from *Linda* for two pianofortes; with Miss Frank Elmore—who, we believe, on this occasion made her *début*—Herz's duet from *La Donna del Lago*; with Herr Oberthur, the harpist, his duet from *Lucresia Borgia* for harp and pianoforte; a duet of Kuhlau's, for flute and pianoforte, with Mr. J. C. Arlidge; and in another by Kummer, for violoncello and pianoforte, with Mr. J. Harrison. Miss Pace Armytage, Miss Adelaide Newton, Miss Fanny Armytage, Miss Jessy Reid, Mr. Alfred Hemming, Mr. H. Saunders, Miss Palmer, Miss Pennington, Mr. Denbigh Newton, and Herr Stepan, all sang, and were more or less applauded. Mr. W. Ganz conducted.—B. B.

**EDINBURGH.**—The second Classical Chamber Concert of the season took place last night in the Hopetoun Rooms, which were filled by a brilliant and appreciative audience. Schubert's Trio in E flat, Op. 100, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, played by Messrs. W. Hatley, A. C. Mackenzie, and Daubert, formed a fitting prelude to the other numbers of the programme. The whole trio went with delicacy and precision. Beethoven's string Trio in G major, the first of a set of three forming his Op. 9, was played by Messrs. A. Kuchler, Mackenzie, and H. Daubert. The other concerted instrumental piece was Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Quartet in B minor, Op. 3, which affords the pianist abundant opportunity for display. Mr. W. Hatley, by his execution of this great work, proved himself a player of no ordinary ability. He was ably assisted by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie (violin), Mr. Kuchler (viola), and Mr. Daubert (violoncello). To Mr. Daubert the first encore was awarded for his refined and expressive playing in the *aria* by J. S. Bach, from an orchestral *suite* in D, and an *aria* by Lotti. The latter he repeated. Mr. Hatley played, as solo, J. Field's *notturno* in A, No. 4, and Weber's *rondo*, "La Gaité." Madame Dowland was the vocalist, her contributions being Haydn's canzonet, "My Mother bids me bind my Hair," Mendelssohn's "Winterlied," and "Of all the pretty darlings," both of which she sang chastely and effectively. The latter was re-demanded, and repeated. Mr. A. C. Mackenzie played the accompaniments to these with taste and ability. The concert, both as regards selection and performance, was a decided success.—*Abridged from "The Scotsman,"* Dec. 24th, 1867.

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The following notice of Miss Emilie Glover's performance at the Grand Concert by the Italian Opera Company, in the Hall of the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, October 4th, appeared in the *Freshman's Journal*:—"The accompaniment to Mr. Santley's songs: 'How dear to me the Home,' and 'The Bard's Legacy,' was exquisitely performed on the harp by Miss Glover; and it is scarcely necessary to add that the melodies were unanimously redemanded. Miss Glover also accompanied Mlle. Tietjens in 'Home, sweet Home,' and her playing was in every respect worthy of the honourable position assigned to her; and if more could be said we would heartily say it, for it would be all deserved."

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